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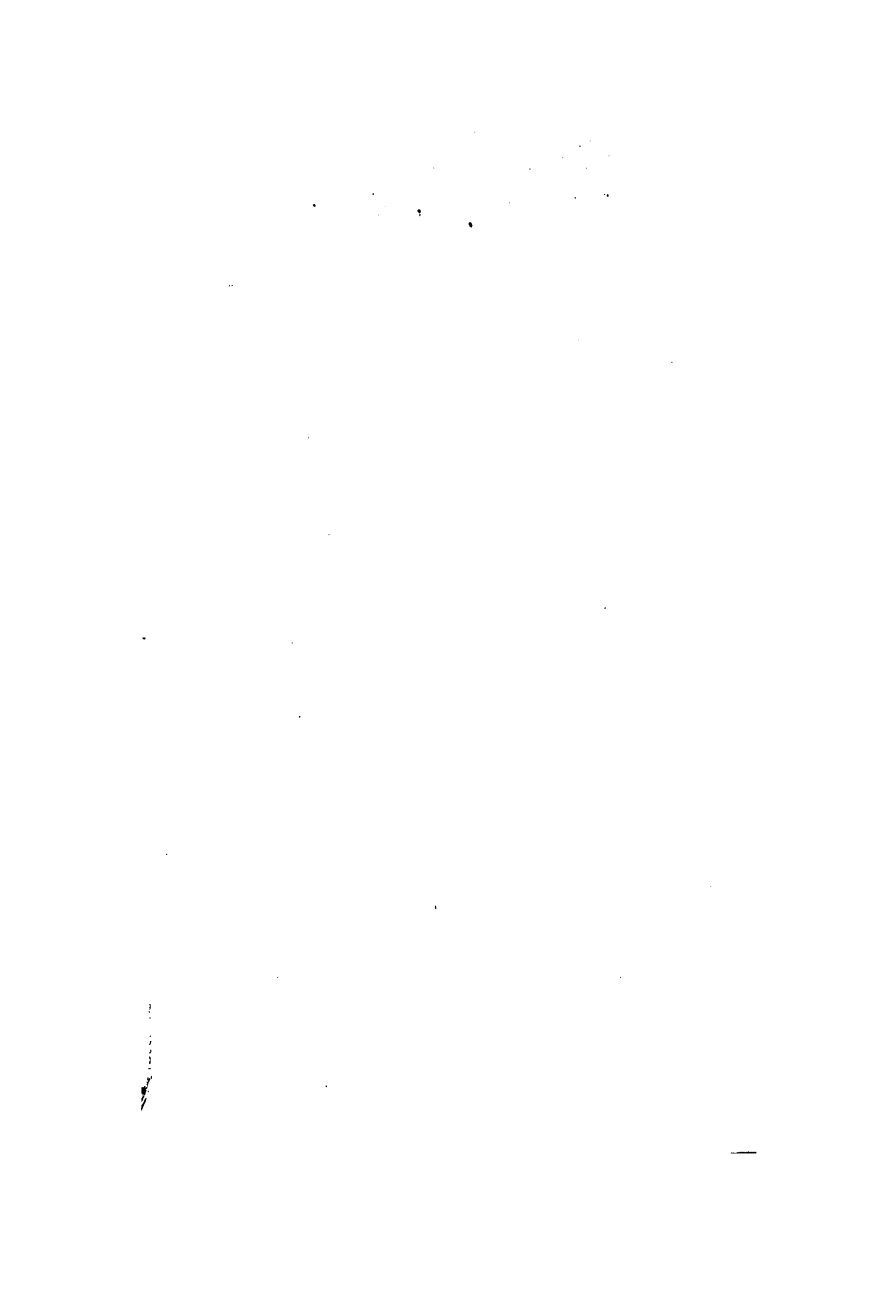
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THE
POETICAL CALENDAR.

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**T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.**

**CONTAINING
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Written and Selected

**By FRANCIS FAWKES, M. A.
And WILLIAM WOTY.**

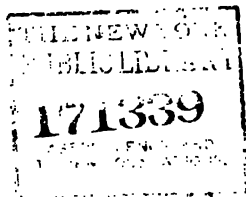
IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

L O N D O N :

Printed by DRYDEN LEACH;

For J. COOTE, at the King's Arms, in Paternoster-Row.

MDCCLXIII.



NOV 1963
JAN 1964
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

AS none of the liberal sciences can afford a nobler entertainment to the human mind than poetry, so it is presumed, that a judicious collection of agreeable and instructive poems can never be unseasonable. Music ravishes the ear, and affects the soul; but its sweet enchantment is of short duration: A fine piece of painting, if carefully preserved, will mellow into perfection, and perhaps continue the admiration of mankind for some centuries; but the works of THE POET live forever. We must, however, except those pieces, which, though intrinsically of the highest merit, yet, being published in a loose, careless, or inelegant manner, must of course, in a short time, perish in the wreck of oblivion. To preserve some of these spirited productions, which have been thus unfortunately neglected, is one part of the design of this publication. But it will be proper briefly to inform the reader of the nature of our plan. First then, we propose once a month (for one year only) to publish a small volume of poems, printed in an elegant manner; each of which will take its title from the month at the conclusion of which it is published, and be introduced with some original poems, particularly descriptive of its proper month.

month : afterwards will be added variety of pieces that are either amusing or instructive (and at the same time not immoral), which, though of real merit, have passed through the world unnoticed :

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Though it must be confessed, that our plan is of an extensive nature, yet we do not in the least despair of bringing it to a considerable degree of perfection ; as we have laid in a very large fund of scarce and valuable poems, are possessed of many original pieces, and have the promise of assistance from gentlemen of the most celebrated names, the most acknowledged taste, and the most distinguished genius.

Dec. 24.

1762.

FRANCIS FAWKES.

WILLIAM WOTY.

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T H E

T H E
P O E T I C A L C A L E N D A R.

O D E T O J A N U A R Y.

Inflexam diffundit Aquarius urnam.

U Nfold the gates of ever-flowing time—
Lo! mantled in a showery cloud,
While round him rough winds thunder loud,
Aquarius sprinkles o'er
Of winter's hoary clime
The adamantine floor :
He pours the Tyber and the Nile,
To recompence the last year's spoil.

'Tis he ! the two-fac'd Janus comes in view ;
Wild hyacinths his robe adorn,
And snow-drops, rivals of the morn :
He spurns the Goat aside,
But smiles upon the new
Emerging year with pride :
And now unlocks, with agat key,
The ruby gates of orient day.

B

Mars

Mars and Bellona now suspend the war !
 Their red hoof'd steeds, with battle worn,
 To their long vacant stalls return :
 In icy fetters bound,
 Beneath th' Antarctic star,
 Seas burst their frozen mound,
 Far southern seas, releas'd and free,
 Escape, and rush to liberty.

Thus let my soul, beleaguer'd long with care,
 Find virtue's calm, sequester'd seat,
 And trace the vestige of her feet :
 May each impassion'd thought
 Meet a safe harbour there,
 Deem the low world as nought,
 And freed from folly's magic chain,
 To wisdom's lore return again.

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

A N O D E.

NO more the morn, with tepid rays,
 Unfolds the flow'rs of various hue;
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze;

Nor gentle eve distils the dew:

The lingering hours prolong the night,

Usurping darkness shares the day;

• Her mists restrain the force of light,

And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway:

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,

With sighs we view the hoary hill,

The leafless wood, the naked field,

The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.

No music warbles thro' the grove,

No vivid colours paint the plain,

No more with devious steps I rove

Thro' verdant paths, now sought in vain!

Aloud the driving tempest roars,

Congeval'd, impetuous show'rs descend;

Haste, close the window, bar the doors,

Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid, let art supply

With light and heat my little sphere;

Rouse, rouse the fire, and pile it high,

Light up a constellation here.

Let

Let music sound, the voice of joy,
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale :
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.
 Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more,
 Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings,
 Nor love nor wine the spring restore.
 Catch then, O ! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies ;
 Life's a short summer, man a flower,
 He dies ! alas ! how soon he dies !

WINTER.

W I N T E R.

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

Felices ter, & amplius

Quos irrupta tenet copula.

HOR.

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
 And the meadows their beauty have lost ;
 When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
 And the streams are fast bound with the frost :
 While the peasant, inactive, stands shivering with
 As bleak the winds northerly blow ; [cold,
 And the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,
 With their fleeces besprinkled with snow :
 In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
 And they send forth their breath like a steam ;
 And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
 Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream :
 When the sweet country maiden, as fresh as a rose,
 As she carelessly trips, often slides ;
 And the rustics laugh loud, if by falling she shows
 All the charms that her modesty hides :
 When the lads and the lasses for company join'd,
 In a crowd round the embers are met ;
 Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
 And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweat :

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
 With the nymph whom I love and admire,
 While the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
 I may thither in safety retire !
 Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
 We may live, and no hardships endure ;
 Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
 But such as each other may cure.

A DE-

A DESCRIPTION OF WINTER.

BY MR. AMBROSE PHILIPS.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1719.

From frozen climes, and endless tracks of snow,
 From streams which northern winds forbid to
 What present shall the muse to Dorset bring; [flow,
 Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
 All pleasing objects, which to verse invite,
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight.
 The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
 No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring;
 No birds within this desert region sing;
 The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly:
 The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
 And spout his waters in the face of day:
 The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl:
 O'er many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

There solid billows of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
 And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear.
 Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
 Or winds began thro' hazy skies to blow ;
 At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
 And the descending rain unfully'd froze.
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd every object to my eyes.
 For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
 And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass :
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow :
 The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
 Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field :
 The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
 The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine :
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
 When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies :
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends.

Or

Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
 And by degrees unbind the wintery charm :
 The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journies sad beneath the dropping trees.
 Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
 Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads ;
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
 And airy fabrics there attract his eyes :
 His wandering feet the magic paths pursue ;
 And while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear ;
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

ON

ON CAPTAIN FORRESTER'S

TRAVELLING TO THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND
IN WINTER, ANNO 1727. INCOG.

O'ER Caledonia's ruder Alps,
While Forrester pursu'd his way,
The mountains veil'd their rugged scalps,
And wrapt in snow and wonder lay!
Each sylvan god, each rural power,
Peep'd out to see the raree-show;
And all confess'd, that, till that hour,
They ne'er had seen so bright a beau.
Nay yet, and more I dare advance,
The story true, as aught in print,
All nature round, in complaisance,
And imitation, took the hint.
The fields that whilome only bore
Wild heath, or clad at best with oats,
Despis'd these humble weeds, and wore
Rich spangled doublets, and lac'd coats.
The hills were perriwigg'd with snow;
Pig-tails of ice hung on each tree;
The winds turn'd powder-puffs; and, lo,
On every shrub a sharp toupee!

With

With silver clocks the river gods
 Appear'd ; and some will take their oath,
 Or lay at least a thousand odds,
 The clouds saliving spit white froth,
 The youth abash'd thus to survey
 So rude a scene himself outdo,
 His sprightly genius to display,
 Resolv'd on something odd and new :
 All things he found were grown genteel,
 Which made him deem it a-propo,
 To be alone in dishabile,
 A Forrester, and not a beau.

O N

ON THE WINTER SOLSTICE.
M.D.CC.XL.

BY DR. AKENSIDE.

THE radiant ruler of the year
At length his wint'ry goal attains,
Soon to reverse the long career,
And northward bend his golden reins.
Prone on Potosi's haughty brow
His fiery streams incessant flow,
Ripening the silver's ductile stores ;
While, in the cavern's horrid shade,
The panting Indian hides his head,
And oft th' approach of eve explores.

But lo, on this deserted coast
How faint the light ! how thick the air !
Lo, arm'd with whirlwind, hail and frost,
Fierce winter defolates the year.
The fields resign their chearful bloom ;
No more the breezes waft perfume ;
No more the warbling waters roll :
Deserts of snow fatigue the eye,
Black storms involve the louring sky,
And gloomy damps oppress the soul.

Now

Now thro' the town promiscuous throngs
 Urge the warm bowl and ruddy fire ;
 Harmonious dances, festive songs,
 To charm the midnight hours conspire.
 While mute and shrinking with her fears,
 Each blast the cottage-matron hears,
 As o'er the hearth she sits alone :
 At morn her bridegroom went abroad,
 'The night is dark, and deep the road ;
 She sighs, and wishes him at home.

But thou, my lyre, awake, arise,
 And hail the sun's remotest ray ;
 Now, now he climbs the northern skies,
 To-morrow nearer than to-day.
 Then louder howl the stormy waste,
 Be land and ocean worse defac'd,
 Yet brighter hours are on the wing ;
 And fancy thro' the wintry glooms,
 All fresh with dews and opening blooms,
 Already hails th' emerging spring.

O fountain of the golden day !
 Could mortal vows but urge thy speed,
 How soon before thy vernal ray
 Should each unkindly damp recede !
 How soon each hovering tempest fly,
 That now fermenting loads the sky,

Prompt

Prompt on our heads to burst amain,
 To rend the forest from the steep,
 Or thundering o'er the Baltic deep
 To overwhelm the merchant's hopes of gain !

But let not man's unequal views
 Prefume on nature and her laws ;
 'Tis his with grateful joy to use
 Th' indulgence of the sovereign cause ;
 Secure that health and beauty springs,
 Thro' this majestic frame of things,
 Beyond what he can reach to know,
 And that heav'n's all-subduing will,
 With good the progeny of ill,
 Attempts every state below.

How pleasing wears the wint'ry night,
 Spent with the old illustrious dead !
 While, by the taper's trembling light,
 I seem those awful courts to tread
 Where chiefs and legislators lie,
 Whose triumphs move before my eye
 With every laurel fresh display'd ;
 While charm'd I taste th' Ionian song,
 Or bend to Plato's god-like tongue
 Resounding thro' the olive shade.

But

But if the gay, well-natur'd friend
 Bids leave the studious page awhile,
 Then easier joys the soul unbend,
 And teach the brow a softer smile ;
 Then while the genial glass is paid
 By each to her, that fairest maid,
 Whose radiant eyes his hopes obey,
 What lucky vows his bosom warm !
 While absence heightens every charm,
 And love invokes returning May.

May ! thou delight of heav'n and earth,
 When will thy happy morn arise ?
 When the dear place which gave her birth
 Restore Lucinda to my eyes ?
 There while she walks the wonted grove,
 The seat of music and of love,
 Bright as the one primæval fair,
 Thither, ye silver-sounding lyres,
 Thither, gay smiles and young desires,
 Chaste hope and mutual faith repair.

And if believing love can read
 The wonted softness in her eye,
 Then shall my fears, O charming maid,
 And every pain of absence die :

Then

Then offer to thy name attun'd,
And rising to diviner sound,
I'll wake the free Horatian song :
Old Tyne shall listen to my tale,
And echo, down the bordering vale,
The liquid melody prolong.

THE

And the rash fool, who scorn'd the beaten road,
 Dares quake at thunder, and confess his God.
 The brainless stripling, who, expell'd the town,
 Damn'd the stiff college and pedantic gown,
 Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
 Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
 A fauntring tribe ! such born to wide estates,
 With yea and no in senates hold debates :
 At length despis'd, each to his fields retires,
 First with the dogs, and king amidst the 'squires ;
 From pert to stupid sinks supinely down,
 In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.
 Such readers scorn'd, thou wing'st thy daring flight
 Above the stars, and tread'st the fields of light ;
 Fame, heav'n and hell, are thy exalted theme,
 And visions such as Jove himself might dream ;
 Man sunk to slavery, tho' to glory born,
 Heav'n's pride when upright, and deprav'd his scorn.
 Such hints alone could British Virgil lend,
 And thou alone deserve from such a friend :
 A debt so borrow'd, is illustrious shame,
 And fame when shar'd with him is double fame.
 So flush'd with sweets, by beauty's queen bestow'd,
 With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd.
 Such generous strife Eugene and Malbro' try,
 And as in glory, so in friendship vie.
 Permit these lines by thee to live — nor blame
 A muse that pants and languishes for fame ;

That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,
 Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things :
 Receiv'd by thee, I prophecy, my rhimes
 The praise of virgins in succeeding times :
 Mixt with thy works, their life no bounds shall see,
 But stand protectèd, as inspir'd, by thee.
 So some weak shoot, which else would poorly rise,
 Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies ;
 Thro' the new pupil fostering juices flow,
 Thrust forth the gems, and give the flowers to blow
 Aloft ; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
 With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.

TO

T O M R. A D D I S O N,

ON HIS OPERA OF ROSAMOND.

BY THE SAME.

— Ne forte pudori

Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.

THE opera first Italian masters taught,
 Enrich'd with songs, but innocent of thought;
 Britannia's learned theatre disdains
 Melodious trifles, and enervate strains;
 And blushes, on her injur'd stage to see
 Nonsense well-tun'd, and sweet stupidity.
 No charms are wanting to thy artful song,
 Soft as Corelli, and as Virgil strong.
 From words so sweet new grace the notes receive,
 And music borrows helps, she us'd to give.
 Thy style has match'd what antient Romans knew,
 Thy flowing numbers far excel the new.
 Their cadence in such easy sound convey'd,
 That height of thought may seem superfluous aid;
 Yet in such charms the noble thoughts abound,
 That needless seem the sweets of easy sound.
 Landscapes how gay the bowery grotto yields,
 Which thought creates, and lavish fancy builds!

What art can trace the visionary scenes,
 The flowery groves, and everlasting greens,
 The babling sounds that mimic echo plays,
 The fairy shade, and its eternal maze ?
 Nature and art in all their charms combin'd !
 And all Elysium to one view combin'd !
 No farther could imagination roam,
 Till Vanbrugh fram'd, and Marlbro' rais'd the dome.
 Ten thousand pangs my anxious bosom tear,
 When drown'd in tears I see th' imploring fair ;
 When bards less soft the moving words supply,
 A seeming justice dooms the nymph to die ;
 But here she begs, nor can she beg in vain ;
 In dirges thus expiring swans complain ;
 Each verse so swells expressive of her woes,
 And every tear in lines so mournful flows ;
 We, spite of fame, her fate revers'd believe,
 O'erlook her crimes, and think she ought to live.
 Let joy salute fair Rosamonda's shade,
 And wreaths of myrtle crown the lovely maid.
 While now perhaps with Dido's ghost she roves,
 And hears and tells the story of their loves,
 Alike they mourn, alike they bless their fate,
 Since love, which made 'em wretched, makes 'em
 Nor longer that relentless doom bemoan, [great:
 Which gain'd a Virgil, and an Addison.
 Accept, great monarch of the British lays,
 The tribute song an humble subject pays.

So

So tries the artless lark her early flight,
 And soars, to hail the god of verse, and light.
 Unrival'd as unmatch'd be still thy fame,
 And thy own laurels shade thy envy'd name :
 Thy name, the boast of all the tuneful quire,
 Shall tremble on the strings of every lyre ;
 Who reads thy work, shall own the sweet surprize,
 And view thy Rosamond with Henry's eyes.

T O M R. A D D I S O N,

ON HIS TRAGEDY OF CATO.

BY THE SAME.

TOO long has love engross'd Britannia's stage,
 And sunk to softness all our tragic rage :
 By that alone did empires fall or rise,
 And fate depended on a fair one's eyes :
 The sweet infection, mixt with dangerous art,
 Debas'd our manhood, while it sooth'd the heart.
 'Thou scorn'st to raise a grief thyself must blame,
 Nor from our weakness steal a vulgar fame :
 A patriot's fall may justly melt the mind,
 And tears flow nobly, shed for all mankind.
 How do our souls with generous pleasure glow !
 Our hearts exulting, while our eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm hero stands beneath the weight
 Of all his sufferings venerably great ?
 Rome's poor remains still sheltering by his side,
 With conscious virtue, and becoming pride.
 The aged oak thus rears his head in air,
 His sap exhausted, and his branches bare,
 'Midst storms and earthquakes, he maintains his state,
 Fixt deep in earth, and fasten'd by his weight :

His

His naked boughs still lend the shepherds aid,
 And his old trunk projects an awful shade.
 Amidst the joys triumphant peace bestows,
 Our patriots sadden at his glorious woes,
 A while they let the world's great business wait,
 Anxious for Rome, and sigh for Cato's fate.
 Here taught how antient heroes rose to fame,
 Our Britons crowd, and catch the Roman flame,
 Where states and senates well might lend an ear,
 And kings and priests without a blush appear.
 France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays homage to her rival's stage,
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit
 Alike to British arms, and British wit:
 No more she'll wonder, forc'd to do us right,
 Who think like Romans, could like Romans fight.
 Thy Oxford smiles this glorious work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a son like thee.
 The senates, consuls, and the gods of Rome,
 Like old acquaintance at their native home,
 In thee we find: each deed, each word express,
 And every thought that swell'd a Roman breast,
 We trace each hint that could thy soul inspire
 With Virgil's judgment, and with Lucan's fire;
 We know thy worth, and give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

THE

THE ROYAL PROGRESS.

BY THE SAME.

WHen Brunswick first appear'd, each honest
 heart,
 Intent on verse, disdain'd the rules of art ;
 For him the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes,
 Debas'd Alcides, and dethron'd the gods,
 In golden chains the kings of India led,
 Or rent the turban from the sultan's head.
 One, in old fables, and the pagan strain,
 With nymphs and tritons, wafts him o'er the main ;
 Another draws fierce Lucifer in arms,
 And fills th' infernal region with alarms ;
 A third awakes some druid, to foretell
 Each future triumph, from his dreary cell.
 Exploded fancies ! that in vain deceive,
 While the mind nauseates what she can't believe.
 My muse th' expected hero shall pursue
 From clime to clime, and keep him still in view :
 His shining march describe in faithful lays,
 Content to paint him, nor presume to praise ;
 Their charms, if charms they have, the truth sup-
 And from the theme unlabour'd beauties rise. [plies,
 By longing nations for the throne design'd,
 And call'd to guard the rights of human-kind ;
 With

With secret grief his godlike soul repines,
 And Britain's crown with joyless lustre shines,
 While prayers and tears his destin'd progress stay,
 And crowds of mourners choke their sovereign's way.
 Not so he march'd, when hostile squadrons stood
 In scenes of death, and fir'd his generous blood ;
 When his hot courser paw'd th' Hungarian plain,
 And adverse legions stood the shock in vain.
 His frontiers past, the Belgian bounds he views,
 And crosses the level fields his march pursues.
 Here pleas'd the land of freedom to survey,
 He greatly scorns the thirst of boundless sway.
 O'er the thin soil, with silent joy, he spies
 Transplanted woods, and borrow'd verdure rise ;
 Where every meadow won with toil and blood,
 From haughty tyrants and the raging flood,
 With fruits and flowers the careful hind supplies,
 And cloaths the marshes in a rich disguise.
 Such wealth for frugal hands doth heaven decree,
 And such thy gifts, celestial liberty !
 Thro' stately towns, and many a fertile plain,
 The pomp advances to the neighbouring main.
 Whole nations croud around with joyful cries,
 And view the hero with insatiate eyes.
 In Haga's towers he waits, till eastern gales
 Propitious rise to swell the British sails.
 Hither the fame of England's monarch brings
 The vows and friendships of the neighb'ring kings ;
Mature

Mature in wisdom, his extensive mind
 Takes in the blended interests of mankind,
 The world's great patriot. Calm thy anxious breast,
 Secure in him, O Europe, take thy rest;
 Henceforth thy kingdoms shall remain confin'd
 By rocks or streams, the mounds which heav'n de-
 sign'd;

The Alps their new-made monarch shall restrain,
 Nor shall thy hills, Pirene, rise in vain.
 But see! to Britain's isle the squadrons stand,
 And leave the sinking towers, and lessening land.
 The royal bark bounds o'er the floating plain,
 Breaks thro' the billows, and divides the main.
 O'er the vast deep, great monarch, dart thine eyes,
 A watery prospect bounded by the skies:
 Ten thousand vessels, from ten thousand shores,
 Bring gums and gold, and either India's stores:
 Behold the tributes hastening to thy throne,
 And see the wide horizon all thy own:
 Still is it thine; tho' now the chearful crew
 Hail Albion's cliffs, just whitening to the view:
 Before the wind with swelling sails they ride,
 Till Thames receives them in his opening tide.
 The monarch hears the thundering peals around,
 From trembling woods and echoing hills rebound,
 Nor misses yet, amid the deafening train,
 The roarings of the hoarse resounding main.

As

As in the flood he fails, from either side
 He views his kingdom in its rural pride ;
 A various scene the wide spread landscape yields,
 O'er rich enclosures, and luxuriant fields :
 A lowing herd each fertile pasture fills,
 And distant flocks stray o'er a thousand hills.
 Fair Greenwich, hid in woods, with new delight,
 Shade above shade, now rises to the sight :
 His woods ordain'd to visit every shore,
 And guard the island which they grac'd before.
 The sun now rolling down the western way,
 A blaze of fires renews the fading day ;
 Unnumber'd barks the regal barge infold,
 Brightening the twilight with its beamy gold ;
 Less thick the finny shoals, a countless fry,
 Before the whale or kingly dolphin fly.
 In one vast shout he seeks the crouded strand,
 And in a peal of thunder gains the land.
 Welcome, great stranger, to our longing eyes,
 Oh ! king desir'd, adopted Albion cries.
 For thee the east breath'd out a prosperous breeze,
 Bright were the suns, and gently swell'd the seas.
 Thy presence did each doubtful heart compose,
 And factions wonder'd that they once were foes.
 That joyful day they lost each hostile name,
 The same their aspect, and their voice the same.
 So two fair twins, whose features were design'd
 At one soft moment in the mother's mind,

Show

Show each the other with reflected grace,
 And the same beauties bloom in either face ;
 The puzzled strangers which is which enquire ;
 Delusion grateful to the smiling fire.
 From that fair * hill, where hoary sages boast
 To name the stars, and count the heavenly host,
 By the next dawn doth great Augusta rise,
 Proud town ! the noblest scene beneath the skies.
 O'er Thames her thousand spires their lustre shed,
 And a vast navy hides his ample bed,
 A floating forest. From the distant strand
 A line of golden carrs strikes o'er the land :
 Britannia's peers in pomp and rich array,
 Before their king, triumphant, lead the way.
 Far as the eye can reach, the gaudy train,
 A bright procession, shines along the plain.
 So, haply, through the heaven's wide pathless ways
 A comet draws a long extended blaze ;
 From east to west burns through th' ethereal frame,
 And half heaven's convex glitters with the flame.
 Now to the regal towers securely brought,
 He plans Britannia's glories in his thought ;
 Resumes the delegated power he gave,
 Rewards the faithful, and restores the brave.
 Whom shall the muse from out the shining throng
 Select, to heighten and adorn her song ?

* Mr. Flamstead's house.

Thee, Hallifax. To thy capacious mind,
 O man approv'd, is Britain's wealth consign'd!
 Her coin, while Nassau fought, debas'd and rude,
 By thee in beauty and in truth renew'd,
 An arduous work ! again thy charge we see,
 And thy own care once more returns to thee.
 O ! form'd in every scene to awe and please,
 Mix wit with pomp, and dignity with ease :
 Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn
 To smile on arts thyself did once adorn :
 For this thy name succeeding time shall praise,
 And envy less thy garter, than thy bays.
 The muse, if fir'd with thy enlivening beams,
 Perhaps shall aim at more exalted themes,
 Record our monarch in a nobler strain,
 And sing the opening wonders of his reign ;
 Bright Carolina's heavenly beauties trace,
 Her valiant consort, and his blooming race.
 A train of kings their fruitful love supplies,
 A glorious scene to Albion's ravish'd eyes ;
 Who sees by Brunswick's hand her scepter sway'd,
 And through his line from age to age convey'd.

A N O D E,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE EARL
OF STANHOPE'S VOYAGE TO FRANCE.

BY THE SAME.

FAIR daughter once of Windfor's woods!
In safety o'er the rowling floods
Britannia's boast and darling care,
Big with the fate of Europe, bear.
May winds propitious on his way
The minister of peace convey;
Nor rebel wave, nor rising storm
Great George's liquid realms deform.

Our vows are heard. Thy crowded sails
Already swell with western gales;
Already Albion's coast retires,
And Calais multiplies her spires:
At length has royal Orleans prest,
With open arms, the well-known guest;
Before in sacred friendship join'd,
And now in counsels for mankind:

Whilst his clear schemes our patriot shows,
And plans the threaten'd world's repose,

They

They fix each haughty monarch's doom,
 And bless whole ages yet to come.
 Henceforth great Brunswick shall decree
 What flag must awe the Tyrrhene sea ;
 For whom the Tuscan grape shall glow ;
 And fruitful Arethusa flow.

See in firm league with Thames combine,
 The Seine, the Maese, and distant Rhine !
 Nor, Ebro, let thy fingle rage
 With half the warring world engage.
 Oh ! call to mind thy thousands slain,
 And Almanara's fatal plain ;
 While yet the Gallic terrors sleep,
 Nor Britain thunders from the deep.

P R O L O G U E,

TO THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

BY THE SAME.

WHat kings henceforth shall reign, what states
be free,

Is fix'd at length by Anna's just decree :
Whose brows the muse's sacred wreath shall fit
Is left to you, the arbiters of wit.
With beating hearts the rival poets wait,
Till you, Athenians, shall decide their fate ;
Secure, when to these learned seats they come,
Of equal judgment, and impartial doom.
Poor is the player's fame, whose whole renown
Is but the praise of a capricious town ;
While with mock-majesty, and fancied power,
He struts in robes, the monarch of an hour.
Oft wide of nature must he act a part,
Make love in tropes, in bombast break his heart ;
In turn and simile resign his breath,
And rhyme and quibble in the pangs of death.
We blush, when plays like these receive applause ;
And laugh, in secret, at the tears we cause ;
With honest scorn our own success disdain,
A worthless honour, and inglorious gain.

No

No trifling scenes at Oxford shall appear ;
 Well, what we blush to act, may you to hear.
 To you our fam'd, our standard plays we bring,
 The work of poets, whom you taught to sing :
 Tho' crown'd with fame, they dare not think it due,
 Nor take the laurel till bestow'd by you.
 Great Cato's self the glory of the stage,
 Who charms, corrects, exalts, and fires the age,
 Begs here he may be tried by Roman laws ;
 To you, O fathers, he submits his cause ;
 He rests not in the people's general voice,
 Till you, the senate, have confirm'd his choice.
 Fine is the secret, delicate the art,
 To wind the passions, and command the heart,
 For fancied ills to force our tears to flow ;
 And make the generous soul in love with woe ;
 To raise the shades of heroes to our view ;
 Rebuild fallen empires, and old time renew.
 How hard the task ! how rare the godlike rage !
 None should presume to dictate for the stage,
 But such as boast a great extensive mind,
 Enrich'd by nature, and by art refin'd ;
 Who from the antient stores their knowledge bring,
 And tasted early of the muse's spring.
 May none pretend upon her throne to sit,
 But such, as sprung from you, are born to wit :
 Chose by the mob, their lawless claim we slight :
 Your's is the old hereditary right.

T H O U G H T S.

OCCASIONED BY THE SIGHT OF AN ORIGINAL
PICTURE OF KING CHARLES I. TAKEN AT
THE TIME OF HIS TRIAL.

INSCRIBED TO GEORGE CLARKE, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

CAN this be he! could Charles, the good, the
great, . . .
Be sunk by heaven to such a dismal state!
How meagre, pale, neglected, worn with care!
What steady sadness, and august despair!
In those sunk eyes the grief of years I trace,
And sorrow seems acquainted with that face.
Tears, which his heart disdain'd, from me o'erflow, }
Thus to survey God's substitute below, }
In solemn anguish, and majestic woe.
When spoil'd of empire by unhallow'd hands,
Sold by his slaves, and held in impious bands;
Rent from, what oft had sweeten'd anxious life,
His helpless children, and his bosom wife;
Doom'd for the faith plebeian rage to stand,
And fall a victim for the guilty land;

Then

Then thus was seen, abandon'd and forlorn,
 The king, the father, and the faint to mourn. —
 How could'st thou, artist, then thy skill display?
 Thy steady hands thy savage heart betray:
 Near thy bold work the stun'd spectators faint,
 Nor see unmov'd, what thou unmov'd could'st paint;
 What brings to mind each various scene of woe,
 Th' insulting judge, the solemn-mocking show, }
 The horrid sentence, and accursed blow.
 Where then, just heaven, was thy unactive hand,
 Thy idle thunder, and thy lingering brand!
 Thy adamantine shield, thy angel wings,
 And the great genii of anointed kings!
 Treason and fraud shall thus the stars regard!
 And injur'd virtue meet this sad reward!
 So sad, none like can time's old records tell,
 Though Pompey bled, and poor Darius fell.
 All names but one too low — that one too high:
 All parallels are wrongs, or blasphemy.
 O power supreme! how secret are thy ways!
 Yet man, vain man, would trace the mystic maze,
 With foolish wisdom, arguing, charge his God,
 His ballance hold, and guide his angry rod;
 New-mould the spheres, and mend the sky's design,
 And sound th' immense with his short scanty line.
 Do thou, my soul, the destin'd period wait,
 When God shall solve the dark decrees of fate,

His now unequal dispensations clear,
 And make all wise and beautiful appear ;
 When suffering saints aloft in beams shall glow,
 And prosperous traitors gnash their teeth below.
 Such, boding thoughts did guilty conscience dart,
 A pledge of hell, to dying Cromwell's heart :
 Then this pale image seem'd t' invade his room,
 Gaz'd him to stone, and warn'd him to the tomb,
 While thunders roll, and nimble lightnings play,
 And the storm wings his spotted soul away.
 A blast more bounteous ne'er did heaven command
 To scatter blessings o'er the British land.
 Not that more kind, which dash'd the pride of Spain,
 And whirl'd her crush'd Armada round the main ;
 Not those more kind, which guide our floating towers,
 Waft gums and gold, and made far India ours :
 That only kinder, which to Britain's shore
 Did mitres, crowns, and Stuart's race restore,
 Renew'd the church, revers'd the kingdom's doom,
 And brought with Charles an Anna yet to come.
 O Clarke, to whom a Stuart trusts her reign
 O'er Albion's fleets, and delegates the main ;
 Dear, as the faith thy loyal heart hath sworn,
 Transmit this piece to ages yet unborn.
 This sight shall damp the raging ruffian's breast,
 The poison spill, and half-drawn sword arrest ;
 To soft compassion stubborn traitors bend,
 And one destroy'd a thousand kings defend.

TO

TO APOLLO MAKING LOVE.

FROM MONSIEUR FONTENELLE.

BY THE SAME.

I Am, cried Apollo, when Daphne he woo'd,
 And panting for breath, the coy virgin pursu'd,
 When his wisdom, in manner most ample, express'd
 The long list of the graces his godship possess'd:
 I'm the god of sweet song, and inspirer of lays;
 Nor for lays, nor sweet song, the fair fugitive stays;
 I'm the god of the harp — stop my fairest — in vain;
 Nor the harp, nor the harper, could fetch her again.
 Every plant, every flower, and their virtues I know,
 God of light I'm above, and of physic below:
 At the dreadful word physic, the nymph fled more fast;
 At the fatal word physic, she doubled her haste.
 Thou fond god of wisdom, then alter thy phrase,
 Bid her view thy young bloom, and thy ravishing rays,
 Tell her less of thy knowledge, and more of thy
 charms,
 And, my life for't, the damsel shall fly to thy arms.

THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

BY THE SAME.

Much had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
 The lavish praises of the babler, fame;
 I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,
 And trace the charmer, with a critic's eye,
 Resolv'd to find some fault, before unspy'd,
 And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.
 Love pierc'd the vassal heart, that durst rebel,
 And where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
 On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
 I gaz'd, at once, my pride and soul away;
 All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
 And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.
 Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
 And sports, and flutters near the treacherous blaze;
 Ravish'd with joy he wings his eager flight,
 Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;
 He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
 A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.

TO

T O A L A D Y ;

WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHOENIX.

BY THE SAME.

LAvish of wit, and bold appear the lines,
 Where Claudian's genius in the Phoenix shines;
 A thousand ways each brilliant point is turn'd,
 And the gay poem, like its theme, adorn'd:
 A tale more strange ne'er grac'd the poets art,
 Nor e'er did fiction play so wild a part.
 Each fabled charm in matchless Cælia meets,
 The heavenly colours, and ambrosial sweets;
 Her virgin bosom chaster fires supplies,
 And beams more piercing guard her kindred eyes.
 O'erflowing wit th' imagin'd wonder drew,
 But fertile fancy ne'er can reach the true.
 Now buds your youth, your cheeks their bloom
 Th' untainted lilly, and unfolding rose; [disclose,
 Ease in your mein, and sweetness in your face,
 You speak a fyren, and you move a grace;
 Nor time shall urge these beauties to decay,
 While virtue gives, what years shall steal away:
 The fair, whose youth can boast the worth of age,
 In age shall with the charms of youth engage;
 In every change still lovely, still the same,
 A fairer Phoenix in a purer flame.

A

A DESCRIPTION OF THE PHŒNIX.

FROM CLAUDIAN.

BY THE SAME.

IN utmost Ocean lies a lovely isle,
 Where spring still blooms, and greens for ever
 Which sees the sun put on his first array, [smile,
 And hears his panting steeds bring on the day;
 When, from the deep, they rush with rapid force,
 And whirl aloft, to run their glorious course;
 When first appear the ruddy streaks of light,
 And glimmering beams dispel the parting night.
 In these soft shades, unprest by human feet,
 The happy Phoenix keeps his balmy seat,
 Far from the world disjoin'd; he reigns alone,
 Alike the empire, and its king unknown.
 A godlike bird! whose endless round of years
 Out-lasts the stars, and tires the circling spheres;
 Not us'd, like vulgar birds, to eat his fill,
 Or drink the chrystal of the murm'ring rill;
 But fed by warmth from Titan's purer ray,
 And slak'd by streams which eastern seas convey;
 Still he renews his life in these abodes,
 Contemns the power of fate, and mates the gods.

His

His fiery eyes shoot forth a glittering ray,
 And round his head ten thousand glories play;
 High on his crest, a star celestial bright
 Divides the darkness with its piercing light;
 His legs are stain'd with purple's lively dye,
 His azure wings the fleeting winds out-fly;
 Soft plumes of chearful blue his limbs infold,
 Enrich'd with spangles, and bedropt with gold.
 Begot by none himself, begetting none,
 Sire of himself he is, and of himself the son;
 His life in fruitful death renews its date,
 And kind destruction but prolongs his fate:
 Ev'n in the grave new strength his limbs receive,
 And on the funeral pile begin to live.
 For when a thousand times the summer sun
 His bending race has on the zodiac run,
 And when as oft the vernal signs have roll'd,
 As oft the wintery brought the numbing cold;
 Then drops the bird, worn out with aged cares,
 And bends beneath the mighty load of years.
 So falls the stately pine, that proudly grew,
 The shade, and glory of the mountain's brow.
 When pierc'd by blasts, and spouting clouds o'er-
 It, slowly sinking, nods its tottering head, [spread,
 Part dies by winds, and part by sickly rains,
 And wasting age destroys the poor remains.
 Then, as the silver empress of the night
 O'er-clouded, glimmers in a fainter light,

So,

So, froze with age, and shut from light's supplies,
 In lazy rounds scarce roll his feeble eyes,
 And those fleet wings, for strength and speed renown'd,
 Scarce rear th' unactive lumber from the ground.
 Mysterious arts a second time create
 The bird, prophetic of approaching fate.
 Pil'd on an heap Sabæan herbs he lays,
 Parch'd by his fire the sun's intensest rays ;
 The pile, design'd to form his funeral scene,
 He wraps in covers of a fragrant green,
 And bids the spicy heap at once become
 A grave destructive, and a teeming womb.
 On the rich bed the dying wonder lies,
 Imploring Phœbus, with persuasive cries,
 To dart upon him in collected rays,
 And new-create him in a deadly blaze.
 The god beholds the suppliant from afar,
 And stops the progress of his heavenly car.
 " O thou, says he, whom harmless fires shall burn,
 " Thy age the flame to second youth shall turn, }
 " An infant's cradle is thy funeral urn.
 " Thou, on whom heav'n has fix'd th' ambiguous
 " To live by ruin, and by death to bloom, [doom
 " Thy life, thy strength, thy lovely form renew,
 " And with fresh beauties doubly charm the view.
 Thus speaking, midst the aromatic bed,
 A golden beam he tosses from his head ;

Swift

Swift as desire, the shining ruin flies,
 And strait devours the willing sacrifice ;
 Who hastes to perish in the fertile fire,
 Sink into strength, and into life expire.
 In flames the circling odours mount on high,
 Perfume the air, and glitter in the sky,
 The moon and stars, amaz'd, retard their flight,
 And nature startles at the doubtful sight ;
 For whilst the pregnant urn with fury glows,
 The goddess labours with a mother's throes,
 Yet joys to cherish, in the friendly flames,
 The noblest product of the skill she claims.
 Th' enlivening dust its head begins to rear,
 And on the ashes sprouting plumes appear ;
 In the dead bird reviving vigour reigns,
 And life, returning, revels in his veins :
 A new-born Phoenix starting from the flame,
 Obtains at once a son's and father's name :
 And the great change of double life displays,
 In the short moment of one transient blaze.
 On his new pinions to the Nile he bends,
 And to the gods his parent urn commends,
 To Egypt bearing, with majestic pride,
 The balmy nest, where first he liv'd and dy'd.
 Birds of all kinds admire th' unusual sight,
 And grace the triumph of his infant flight ;
 In crowds unnumber'd round their chief they fly,
 Oppress the air, and cloud the spacious sky ;

Not

Nor dares the fiercest of the winged race
 Obstruct his journey thro' th' etherial space ;
 The hawk and eagle uselefs wars forbear,
 Forego their courage, and consent to fear ;
 The feather'd nations humble homage bring,
 And blefs the gaudy flight of their ambrosial king-
 Lefs glittering pomp does Parthia's monarch yield,
 Commanding legions to the dusty field ;
 Tho' sparkling jewels on his helm abound,
 And royal gold his awful head furround ;
 Tho' rich embroidery paint his purple vest,
 And his steed bound in costly trappings drest,
 Pleas'd in the battle's dreadful van to ride,
 In graceful grandeur, and imperial pride.
 Fam'd for the worship of the sun, there stands
 A sacred fane in Egypt's fruitful lands,
 Hewn from the Theban mountain's rocky womb,
 An hundred columns rear the marble dome ;
 Hither, 'tis said, he brings the precious load,
 A grateful offering to the beamy god ;
 Upon whose altar's consecrated blaze
 The seeds and reliques of himself he lays,
 Whence flaming incense makes the temple shine,
 And the glad altars breathe perfumes divine.
 The wasted smell to far Pelusium flies,
 To chear old Ocean, and enrich the skies,
 With nectar's sweets to make the nations smile,
 And scent the seven-fold channels of the Nile.

Thrice

Thrice happy Phoenix ! heaven's peculiar care
 Has made thy self, thy self's surviving heir ;
 By death thy deathless vigour is supply'd,
 Which sinks to ruin all the world beside ;
 Thy age, not thee, assisting Phœbus burns,
 And vital flames light up thy funeral urns.
 Whate'er events have been, thy eyes survey,
 And thou art fixt, while ages roll away ;
 Thou saw'st when raging Ocean burst his bed,
 O'ertop'd the mountains, and the earth o'erspread ;
 When the rash youth inflam'd the high abodes,
 Scorch'd up the skies, and scar'd the deathless gods.
 When nature ceases, thou shalt still remain,
 Nor second chaos bound thy endless reign ;
 Fate's tyrant laws thy happier lot shall brave,
 Baffle destruction, and elude the grave.

VERSES

VERSES TO MRS. LOWTHER

ON HER MARRIAGE. FROM MENAGE.

BY THE SAME.

THE greatest swain that treads th' Arcadian
grove,

Our shepherds envy, and our virgins love,
His charming nymph, his foster fair obtains,
The bright Diana of our flowery plains ;
He, midst the graceful, of superior grace,
And she the loveliest of the loveliest race.
Thy fruitful influence, guardian Juno shed,
And crown the pleasures of the genial bed,
Raise thence, their future joy, a smiling heir,
Brave as the father, as the mother fair.
Well may'st thou shower thy choicest gifts on those,
Who boldly rival thy most hated foes ;
The vigorous bridegroom with Alcides vies,
And the fair bride has Cytherea's eyes.

TO

T O A L A D Y ;

WITH A PRESENT OF FLOWERS.

BY THE SAME.

Each beauteous flower — roses and jessamin
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads. — MILTON.

THE fragrant painting of our flowery fields,
 The choicest stores that youthful summer yields,
 Strephon to fair Eliza hath convey'd,
 The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
 O! cheer the flowers, my fair, and let them rest
 On the Elysium of thy snowy breast,
 And there regale the smell, and charm the view,
 With richer odours, and a lovelier hue.
 Learn hence, nor fear a flatterer in the flower,
 Thy form divine, and beauty's matchless power:
 Faint, near thy cheeks, the bright carnation glows,
 And thy ripe lips out-blush the opening rose;
 The lily's snow betrays less pure a light,
 Lost in thy bosom's more unsullied white;
 And wreaths of jasmine shed perfumes, beneath
 Th' ambrosial incense of thy balmy breath.
 Ten thousand beauties grace the rival pair,
 How fair the chaplet, and the nymph how fair!

E

But

But ah! too soon these fleeting charms decay,
 The fading lustre of one hastening day,
 This night shall see the gaudy wreath decline,
 The roses wither, and the lilies pine.
 The garland's fate to thine shall be applied,
 And what advanc'd thy form, shall check thy pride :
 Be wise, my fair, the present hour improve,
 Let joy be new, and now a waste of love ;
 Each drooping bloom shall plead thy just excuse,
 And that which show'd thy beauty, show its use.

ON

ON A LADY'S PICTURE:

TO GILFRED LAWSON, ESQ.

BY THE SAME.

AS Damon Chloe's painted form survey'd,
 He sigh'd, and languish'd for the jilting shade:
 For Cupid taught the artist hand its grace,
 And Venus wanton'd in the mimic face.
 Now he laments a look so falsely fair,
 And almost damns, what yet resembles her;
 Now he devours it with his longing eyes;
 Now fated, from the lovely phantom flies,
 Yet burns to look again, yet looks again, and dies. }
 Her ivory neck his lips presume to kiss,
 And his bold hands the swelling bosom press;
 The swain drinks in deep draughts of vain desire,
 Melts without heat, and burns in fancied fire.
 Strange power of paint! thou nice creator art!
 What love inspires, may life itself impart.
 Struck with like wounds, of old, Pygmalion pray'd,
 And hugg'd to life his artificial maid;
 Clasp, new Pygmalion, clasp the seeming charms,
 Perhaps even now th' enlivening image warms, }
 Destin'd to crown thy joys, and revel in thy arms:
 Thy arms, which shall with fire so fierce invade,
 That *she at once shall be*, and cease to be a maid.

PART OF THE
FOURTH BOOK OF LUCAN.

BY THE SAME,

Cæsar, having resolv'd to give battle to Petreius and Afranius, Pompey's lieutenants in Spain, encamped near the enemy in the same field. The behaviour of their soldiers, at their seeing and knowing one another, is the subject of the following verses.

THEIR antient friends, as now they nearer drew,
Prepar'd for fight the wondering soldiers knew:
Brother, with brother in unnat'ral strife,
And the son arm'd against the father's life:
Curst civil war! then conscience first was felt,
And the tough veteran's heart began to melt.
Fix'd in dumb sorrow all at once they stand,
Then wave, a pledge of peace, the guiltless hand;
For vent ten thousand struggling passions move,
The stings of nature, and the pangs of love.
All order broken, wide their arms they throw,
And run, with transport, to the longing foe:
Here their long-lost acquaintance neighbours claim,
There an old friend recalls his comrade's name,
Youths

Youths, who in arts beneath one tutor grew,
 Rome rent in twain, and kindred hosts they view.
 Tears wet their impious arms, a fond relief,
 And kisses, broke by sobs, the words of grief;
 Tho' yet no blood was spilt, each anxious mind
 With horror thinks on what his rage design'd.
 Ah! generous youths, why thus, with fruitless pain,
 Beat ye those breasts? why gush those eyes in vain?
 Why blame ye heaven, and charge your guilt on fate?
 Why dread the tyrant, whom yourselves make great?
 Bids he the trumpet sound? the trumpet slight—
 Bids he the standard move? refuse the fight—
 Your generals, left by you, will love again,
 A son and father, when they're private men.
 Kind concord, heavenly-born! whose blissful reign
 Holds this vast globe in one surrounding chain,
 Whose laws the jarring elements controul,
 And knit each atom close from pole to pole;
 Soul of the world! and love's eternal spring!
 This lucky hour, thy aid, fair goddess, bring!
 This lucky hour, ere aggravated crimes
 Heap guilt on guilt, and doubly stain the times.
 No veil henceforth for sin, for pardon none;
 They know their duty, now their friends are known.
 Vain wish! from blood short must the respite be;
 New crimes, by love inham'd, this night shall see:
 Such is the will of fate, and such the hard decree.

'Twas peace. From either camp, now void of fear,
 The foldiers mingling cheerful feasts prepare :
 On the green sod the friendly bowls were crown'd,
 And hasty banquets pil'd upon the ground :
 Around the fire they talk ; one shows his scars,
 One tells what chance first led him to the wars ;
 Their stories o'er the tedious night prevail,
 And the mute circle listens to the tale.
 They own they fought, but swear they ne'er could hate,
 Deny their guilt, and lay the blame on fate ;
 Their love revives, to make them guiltier grow,
 A short-liv'd blessing, but to heighten woe.
 When to Petreius first the news was told,
 The jealous general thought his legions fold.
 Swift, with the guards, his head-strong fury drew,
 From out his camp he drives the hostile crew ;
 Cuts claspings friends asunder with his sword,
 And stains with blood each hospitable board.
 Then thus his wrath breaks out. " Oh ! lost to fame !
 " Oh ! false to Pompey, and the Roman name !
 " Can ye not conquer, ye degenerate bands ?
 " Oh ! die at least ; 'tis all that Rome demands.
 " What ? will ye own, while ye can wield the sword,
 " A rebel standard, and usurping lord ?
 " Shall he be sued to take you into place
 " Amongst his slaves, and grant you equal grace ?
 " What ? shall my life be begg'd ? inglorious thought !
 " And life abhorr'd, on such conditions bought !
 " The

" The toils we bear, my friends, are not for life,
 " Too mean a prize in such a dreadful strife ;
 " But peace would lead to servitude and shame,
 " A fair amusement, and a specious name.
 " Never had man explor'd the iron ore,
 " Mark'd out the trench, or rais'd the lofty tower,
 " Ne'er had the steed in harness sought the plain,
 " Or fleets encounter'd on th' unstable main ;
 " Were life, were breath, with fame to be compar'd,
 " Or peace to glorious liberty preferr'd.
 " By guilty oaths the hostile army bound,
 " Holds fast its impious faith, and stands its ground ;
 " Are you perfidious, who espouse the laws,
 " And traytors only in a righteous cause ?
 " Oh shame ! in vain thro' nations far and wide,
 " Thou call'st the crowding monarchs to thy side,
 " Fallen Pompey ! while thy legions here betray
 " Thy cheap bought life, and treat thy fame away."
 He ended fierce. The soldier's rage returns,
 His blood flies upward, and his bosom burns.
 So, hap'ly tam'd, the tyger bears his bands,
 Less grimly growls, and licks his keeper's hands ;
 But if by chance he tastes forbidden gore,
 He yells amain, and makes his dungeon roar :
 He glares, he foams, he aims a desperate bound,
 And his pale master flies the dangerous ground.
 Now deeds are done, which man might charge aright
 On stubborn fate, or undiscerning night,

Had not their guilt the lawless foldiers known,
 And made the whole malignity their own.
 The beds, the plenteous tables float with gore,
 And breasts are stabb'd, that were embrac'd before:
 Pity awhile their hands from slaughter kept,
 Inward they groan'd, and, as they drew, they wept;
 But every blow their wavering rage assures,
 In murder hardens, and to blood inures.
 Crowds charge on crowds, nor friends their friends
 But fires by sons, and sons by fathers die. [descry,
 Black, monstrous rage! each, with victorious cries,
 Drags his slain friend before the general's eyes,
 Exults in ~~his~~ guilt, that throws the only shame
 On Pompey's cause, and blots the Roman name.

TO

TO A LADY BEFORE MARRIAGE.

BY THE SAME.

OH! form'd by nature, and refin'd by art,
 With charms to win, and sense to fix the heart!
 By thousands fought, Clotilda, canst thou free
 Thy crowd of captives, and descend to me?
 Content in shades obscure to waste thy life,
 A hidden beauty, and a country wife.
 O! listen while thy summers are my theme,
 Ah! sooth thy partner in his waking dream!
 In some small hamlet on the lonely plain,
 Where Thames thro' meadows rolls his mazy train:
 Or where high Windfor, thick with greens array'd,
 Waves his old oaks, and spreads his ample shade,
 Fancy has figur'd out our calm retreat;
 Already round the visionary seat.
 Our limes begin to shoot, our flowers to spring,
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing.
 Where dost thou lie, thou thinly-peopled green?
 Thou nameless lawn, and village yet unseen?
 Where sons, contented with their native ground,
 Ne'er travell'd further than ten furlongs round;
 And the tann'd peasant, and his ruddy bride,
 Were born together, and together died.

Where

Where early larks best tell the morning light,
 And only Philomel disturbs the night ;
 'Midst gardens here my humble pile shall rise,
 With sweets surrounded of ten thousand dies ;
 All savage where th' embroider'd gardens end,
 The haunt of echoes shall my woods ascend ;
 And oh ! if heaven th' ambitious thought approve,
 A rill shall warble cross the gloomy grove,
 A little rill, o'er pebbly beds convey'd,
 Gush down the steep, and glitter thro' the glade.
 What cheering scents those bordering banks exhale !
 How loud that heifer lows from yonder vale !
 That thrush how shrill ! his note so clear, so high,
 He drowns each feather'd minstrel of the sky.
 Here let me trace beneath the purpled morn,
 The deep-mouth'd beagle, and the sprightly horn ;
 Or lure the trout with well-dissembled flies,
 Or fetch the fluttering partridge from the skies.
 Nor shall thy hand disdain to crop the vine,
 The downy peach, or flavour'd nectarine ;
 Or rob the bee-hive of its golden hoard,
 And bear th' unbought luxuriance to thy board.
 Sometimes my books by day shall kill the hours,
 While, from thy needle, rise the silken flowers ;
 And thou, by turns, to ease my feeble fight,
 Resume the volume, and deceive the night.
 Oh ! when I mark thy twinkling eyes oppress,
 Soft whispering, let me warn my love to rest ;

Then

'Then watch thee, charm'd, while sleep locks every
 And to sweet heaven commend thy innocence. [*sense*,
 Thus reign'd our fathers o'er the rural fold,
 Wife, hale, and honest, in the days of old ;
 Till courts arose, where substance pays for show,
 And specious joys are bought with real woe.
 See Flavia's pendants, large, well-spread, and right,
 The ear that wears them hears a fool each night ;
 Mark how th' embroider'd col'nel sneaks away,
 To shun the withering dame that made him gay ;
 That knave, to gain a title, lost his fame ;
 That rais'd his credit by a daughter's shame ;
 This coxcomb's ribband cost him half his land ;
 And oaks, unnumber'd, bought that fool a wand.
 Fond man, as all his sorrows were too few,
 Acquires strange wants that nature never knew.
 By midnight lamps he emulates the day,
 And sleeps, perverse, the cheerful suns away ;
 From goblets high-emboss'd his wine must glide,
 Round his clos'd sight the gorgeous curtain slide ;
 Fruits ere their time to grace his pomp must rise,
 And three untasted courses glut his eyes.
 For this are nature's gentle calls withstood,
 The voice of conscience, and the bonds of blood ;
 This wisdom thy reward for every pain,
 And this gay glory all thy mighty gain.
 Fair phantoms woo'd and scorn'd from age to age,
 Since bards began to laugh, or priests to rage.

And

And yet, just curse on man's aspiring kind,
 Prone to ambition, to example blind,
 Our childrens children shall our steps pursue,
 And the same errors be for ever new.
 Mean while, in hope a guiltless country swain,
 My reed with warblings cheers th' imagin'd plain:
 Hail humble shades, where truth and silence dwell!
 Thou noisy town, and faithless court farewell!
 Farewell ambition, once my darling flame!
 The thirst of lucre, and the charm of fame!
 In life's by-road, that winds thro' paths unknown,
 My days, tho' number'd, shall be all my own.
 Here shall they end, (O! might they twice begin)
 And all be white the fates intend to spin.

A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE HORN-BOOK.

WRITTEN UNDER A FIT OF THE GOUT.

BY THE SAME.

Magni magna patrant, nos non nisi ludicra —

— Podagra hæc otia fecit.

HAil! antient book, most venerable code!
 Learning's first cradle, and its last abode!
 The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,
 By lazy plagiaries are stolen from thee.
 Yet future times, to thy sufficient store,
 Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.
 Thee will I sing in comely wainscot bound,
 And golden verge enclosing thee around;
 The faithful horn before, from age to age,
 Preserving thy invaluable page;
 Behind, thy patron faint in armour shines,
 With sword and lance, to guard thy sacred lines:
 Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies
 Transfix'd; his blood thy scarlet cover dies;
 Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,
 Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.
 Or if to ginger-bread thou shalt descend,
 And liquorish learning to thy babes extend;

Or

Or sugar'd plain, o'erspread with beaten gold,
 Does the sweet treasure of thy letters hold ;
 Thou still shall be my song — Apollo's choir
 I scorn t' invoke ; Cadmus my verse inspire :
 'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought
 Of all the learning which has since been taught ;
 Soon made complete ! for mortals ne'er shall know
 More than contain'd of old the christ-crofs row ;
 What masters dictate, or what doctors preach,
 Wise matrons hence, ev'n to our children teach,
 But as the name of every plant and flower,
 (So common that each peasant knows its power)
 Physicians in mysterious cant express,
 T' amuse the patient, and inhance their fees ;
 So from the letters of our native tongue,
 Put in Greek scrawls, a mystery too is sprung ;
 Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,
 And artful men strike out a gainful trade,
 Strange characters adorn the learned gate,
 And heedless youth catch at the shining bait.
 The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,
 And * Tau's, and Delta's, make their mothers stare
 Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear,
 And what's uncommon never costs too dear.
 Yet in all tongues the Horn-book is the same,
 Taught by the Grecian sage, or English dame.

* The Greek letters T, Δ.

But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,
 In which thou dost all other books excel ?
 No greasy thumb thy spotless leaf can soil,
 Nor crooked dog-ears thy smooth corners spoil ;
 In idle pages no errata stand,
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand :
 No fulsome dedication here is writ,
 Nor flattering verse to praise the author's wit :
 The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,
 No various readings to confound the text :
 All parties in thy literal sense agree,
 Thou perfect centre of concordancy !
 Search we the records of an antient date,
 Or read what modern histories relate,
 They all proclaim what wonders have been done
 By the plain letters taken as they run.
 “ * Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,
 “ And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul ;
 “ His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,
 “ And frequent deaths of worthy men ensued :

* The lines thus “ marked, describe the advice given to Augustus, by Athenodorus the stoic philosopher, who desired the emperor neither to say nor do any thing till he had first repeated the alphabet, or letters of the Horn-book ; the strict observance of this rule would be the means to make his passions subside, and prevent mischievous consequences.

“ In

" In vain were all the weaker methods tried,
 " None could suffice to stem the furious tide ;
 " Thy sacred lines he did but once repeat,
 " And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat
 Thy heavenly notes, like angels music, cheer
 Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.
 An aged peasant, on his latest bed,
 With'd for a friend some godly book to read ;
 The pious grandson thy known handle takes,
 And (eyes lift up) this fav'ry lecture makes :
 Great A, he gravely read ; th' important four
 The empty walls, and hollow roof rebound :
 Th' expiring antient rear'd his drooping head
 And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to
 Great B, the younker bawls ! O heavenly be
 What ghostly comforts in the hour of death !
 What hopes I feel ! great C, pronounc'd the
 The grandfire dies with extasy of joy.
 Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,
 Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sound
 Of Essex hundreds fame gives this report,
 But fame, I ween, says many things in sport.
 Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite un-
 Tho' few th' extent of thy vast empire own.
 Whatever wonders magic spells can do
 On earth, in air, in sea, in shades below ;
 What words profound and dark wife Mah'm
 When his old cow an angel's figure took ;

What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,
 Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue, }
 O mighty book, are all contain'd in you !
 All human arts, and every science meet,
 Within the limits of thy single sheet :
 From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,
 And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.
 And lo ! while thus thy wonders I indite,
 Inspir'd I feel the power of which I write ;
 The gentler gout his former rage forgets,
 Less frequent now, and less severe the fits :
 Loose grow the chains, which bound my useless feet ;
 Stiffness and pain from every joint retreat ;
 Surprising strength comes every moment on,
 I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.
 Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,
 And at * thy handle hang my crutches up.

* *Votiva tabula.* *HOR.*

F

EUPOLIS'

*EUPOLIS' HYMN TO THE CREATOR

FROM THE GREEK.

AUthor of being, source of light,
 With unfading beauties bright,
 Fulness, goodness, rolling round
 Thy own fair orb without a bound :
 Whether thee thy suppliants call
 Truth, or good, or one, or all,
 † Ei or Iao ; Thee we hail,
 Essence that can never fail,
 Grecian or barbaric name,
 Thy steadfast being still the same.
 Thee, when morning greets the skies
 With rosy cheeks and humid eyes ;
 Thee, when sweet declining day
 Sinks in purple waves away ;
 Thee will I sing, O parent Jove,
 And teach the world to praise and love.
 Yonder azure vault on high,
 Yonder blue, low, liquid sky,
 Earth on its firm basis plac'd,
 And with circling waves embrac'd,

* A Greek poet, contemporary with Aristophanes.

† Names attributed to the deity.

All creating power confefs,
 All their mighty maker blefs.
 Thou fhak'ft all nature with thy nod,
 Sea, earth, and air, confefs the God :
 Yet does thy powerful hand fustain
 Both earth and heaven, both firm and main.
 Scarce can our daring thoughts arife
 To thy pavilion in the fkies ;
 Nor can Plato's felf declare
 The blifs, the joy, the rapture there.
 Barren above thou doft not reign,
 But circled with a glorious train,
 The fons of God, the fons of light,
 Ever joying in thy fight :
 (For thee their filver harps are ftrung,)
 Ever beauteous, ever young ;
 Angelic forms their voices raife,
 And thro' heav'n's arch refound thy praife.
 The feather'd fowls that swim the air,
 And bathe in liquid ether there.
 The lark, fweet herald of their choir,
 Leading them higher ftill and higher,
 Liften and learn ; th' angelic notes
 Repeating in their warbling throats :
 And ere to foft repofe they go,
 Teach them to their lords below :
 On the green turf, their moffy neft,
 The evening anthem fwells their breaft.

Thus, like thy * golden chain on high,
 Thy praise unites the earth and sky.
 Source of light, thou bidst the sun
 On his burning axle run ;
 The stars like dust around him fly,
 And show the area of the sky.
 He drives so swift his race above,
 Mortals can't perceive him move ;
 So smooth his course, oblique or strait,
 Olympus shakes not with his weight.
 As the queen of solemn night
 Fills at his vase her orb of light,
 Imparted lustre ; thus we see
 The solar virtue shines by thee.
 † Eirefione we'll no more,
 Imaginary power, adore ;
 Since oil, and wool, and cheering wine,
 And life-sustaining bread are thine.
 Thy herbage, O great Pan, sustains
 The flocks that graze our Attic plains ;
 The olive, with fresh verdure crown'd,
 Rises pregnant from the ground ;

* See Homer's Iliad, book 8. the beginning.

† This word signifies an olive-branch, wrapt round with wool, and ornamented with grapes, and different kinds of fruits, which the antients used to hang before the doors of their houses, by way of charm, to prevent famine.

At thy command it shoots and springs,
 And a thousand blessings brings.
 Minerva only is thy mind,
 Wisdom and bounty to mankind.
 The fragrant thyme, the bloomy rose,
 Herb, and flower, and shrub that grows
 On Thessalian Tempe's plain,
 Or where the rich Sabeans reign,
 That treat the taste, or smell, or sight,
 For food, for med'cine, or delight :
 Planted by thy parent care,
 Spring, and smile, and flourish there.
 O ye nurses of soft dreams,
 Reedy brooks, and winding streams,
 Or murmuring o'er the pebbles sheen,
 Or sliding thro' the meadows green,
 Or where thro' matted sedge you creep,
 Travelling to your parent deep :
 Sound his praise, by whom you rose,
 That sea, which neither ebbs nor flows.
 O ye immortal woods and groves,
 Which th' enamour'd student loves ;
 Beneath whose venerable shade,
 For thought and friendly converse made,
 Fam'd * Hecadem, old hero, lies,
 Whose shrine is shaded from the skies,

* Probably this word means Cadmus.

And thro' the gloom of silent night
 Projects from far its trembling light ;
 You, whose roots descend as low,
 As high in air your branches grow ;
 Your leafy arms to heaven extend,
 Bend your heads, in homage bend :
 Cedars and pines that wave above,
 And mighty oaks belov'd of Jove ;
 Omen, monster, prodigy,
 Or nothing are, or Jove from thee !
 Whether various nature play,
 Or reinvers'd thy will obey,
 And to rebel man declare
 Famine, plague, or wasteful war.
 Laugh, ye profane, who dare despise
 The threatening vengeance of the skies,
 Whilst the pious, on his guard,
 Undismay'd is still prepar'd :
 Life or death, his mind's at rest,
 Since what thou send'st must needs be best.
 No evil can from thee proceed :
 'Tis only suffer'd, not decreed.
 Darkness is not from the sun,
 Nor mount the shades till he is gone :
 Then does night obscure arise
 From Erebus, and fill the skies,
 Fantastic forms the air invade,
 Daughters of nothing, and of shade.

Can we forget thy guardian care,
 Slow to punish, prone to spare !
 Thou break'st the haughty Persian's pride,
 That dar'd old Ocean's power deride ;
 Their shipwrecks strew'd th' Eubean wave,
 At Marathon they found a grave.
 O ye blest Greeks who there expir'd,
 For Greece with pious ardor fir'd,
 What shrines or altars shall we raise
 To secure your endless praise ?
 Or need we monuments supply,
 To rescue what can never die ?
 And yet * a greater hero far
 (Unless great Socrates could err)
 Shall rise to bless some future day,
 And teach to live; and teach to pray.
 Come, unknown instructor, come !
 Our leaping hearts shall make thee room :
 Thou with Jove our vows shall share,
 Of Jove and thee we are the care.
 O father, king, whose heavenly face
 Shines serene on all thy race,
 We thy magnificence adore,
 And thy well-known aid implore :
 Nor vainly for thy help we call ;
 Nor can we want : for thou art all !

* The Messiah, foretold by Socrates.

THE HYMN OF *CLEANTHES,

TO THE SUPREME GOD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK,

BY DR. BOWDEN.

Great father of the skies, whose boundless sway,
 Both gods above, and worlds below obey.
 Thy laws sustain the universal frame,
 Various thy titles, but thy power the same.
 Hail, sovereign Jove! all nations shall address
 Their songs to thee, who gave them tongues to bless.
 Behold thy image groveling on the earth,
 Faint echoes of thy voice, which gave us birth :
 Then back will I reflect thy praises still,
 And sing the wonders of almighty skill.
 The wide expanse of yon etherial plain,
 And all below, is subject to thy reign.

* Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a stoic philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems. This hymn must give every sensible man pleasure, to find such just sentiments of the deity in a heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.

The

The forked lightnings, which, with double glare,
 Sublimely wave, and linger in the air,
 From thy dread arm with pointed fury fly,
 And, ting'd with ruddy vengeance, sweep the sky.
 The ray divine, o'er all the frame presides,
 Glows in the sun, and in the ocean glides.
 From thee each atom of creation springs ;
 Hail ! great support of all inferior things !
 The orbs above, and floating seas below,
 Move by thy laws, and by thy influence flow :
 All, rang'd in order, know their destin'd place,
 All but the mad, degenerate human race :
 But thou canst order from confusion bring,
 Bid peace from discord, good from evil spring :
 And when all nature frowns, and nations jar,
 Set calms in storms, and harmony in war.
 Great Jove so justly fram'd the earthly ball,
 That universal good results from all ;
 While common sense still shines with certain ray,
 And thro' the seeming maze points out the way ;
 Yet thoughtless men, to this blest convoy blind,
 Court the wild dictates of a restless mind ;
 Perversely fly the universal light,
 And the sweet voice of heavenly reason flight.
 Unhappy men ! who toil and hunt for bliss,
 But the plain road of sacred wisdom miss :
 Led by this constant, this unerring guide,
 Thro' flowery paths, man's life would smoothly glide :

But

But urg'd by passion, heedless we pursue
 The first mad pleasures that invite the view.
 Some avarice and sordid taste inspire,
 Ambition some, and fame's ungovern'd fire;
 Soft luxury some, and Cyprian charms delight,
 While all rush forward to the heaven in sight.
 But thou, who thunderest in the vault above,
 Correct these vain desires, O bounteous Jove!
 Let god-like reason in our bosoms dwell,
 And from weak minds this lunacy expel;
 A ray of wisdom on our souls bestow,
 By which thou rul'st all nature's scene below:
 Then with devotion fir'd, we'll hail thee king,
 And in eternal songs, thy wonders sing.
 No greater good can men or gods attend,
 Than at thy throne with prostrate hearts to bend.

AN

AN HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

BY THE REV. MR. MERRICK.

GOD of my health ! whose bounteous care
 First gave me power to move,
 How shall my thankful heart declare
 The wonders of thy love ?
 While void of thought and sense I lay,
 Dust of my parent earth,
 Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
 And call'd me into birth.
 From thee my parts their fashion took,
 And ere my life begun,
 Within the volume of thy book
 Were written one by one.
 Thy eye beheld in open view
 The yet unfinish'd plan ;
 The shadowy lines thy pencil drew,
 And form'd the future man.
 O may this frame that rising grew,
 Beneath thy plastic hands,
 Be studious ever to pursue
 Whate'er thy will commands.
 The soul that moves this earthly load,
 Thy semblance let it bear,
 Nor lose the traces of the God
 That stamp'd his image there.

A S A C R E D L Y R I C.

ON BEING WAKED IN THE NIGHT, BY A VIOLENT
STORM OF THUNDER AND LIGHTENING.

Lock'd in the arms of balmy sleep,
From every care of day,
As silent as the folded sheep,
And as secure I lay.
Sudden, tremendous thunders roll;
Quick lightnings round me glare;
The solemn scene alarms my soul,
And wakes the heart to prayer.
Whate'er, O Lord, at this still hour,
These awful sounds portend,
Whether sole ensigns of thy power,
Or groans for nature's end;
Grant me to bear with equal mind,
These terrors of the sky;
For ever, as thou wilt, resign'd,
Alike to live or die.
If, wak'd by thy vindictive hand,
This mighty tempest stirs
That peal, the voice of thy command,
These flames thy messengers:

Welcome

Welcome the bolt, where'er it fall
 Beneath the passing sun ;
 Thy righteous will determines all,
 And let that will be done.
 But if, as nature's laws ordain,
 Nor destin'd by thy will,
 Each bolt exerts its wide domain,
 Self-authoriz'd to kill,
 Quick interpose, all-gracious Lord,
 In this remorseless night ;
 Arise, and be alike ador'd
 For mercy, as for might.
 Vouchsafe, amidst this time of dread,
 Thy suppliant's voice to hear :
 O shield from harm each friendly head,
 And all my soul holds dear.
 Let it not kill where riot foul,
 Pours forth the drunken jest :
 Nor where the guilt-envenom'd soul
 Starts wild from troubled rest.
 A while O spare those sinful breasts,
 Whose deeds the night deform,
 Nor strike where smiling virtue rests,
 Unconscious of the storm.
 Succour the couch where beauty lies,
 All pale with tender fear ;
 Where sickness lifts its languid eyes ;
 O pour thy comforts there !

Nor

Nor useleſs waſte this moral night,
 Like common hours, away ;
 But glow with wiſdom's ſacred light,
 More fair than orient day.
 Warn'd by each flaſh, may virtue riſe,
 And with its glories ſpread,
 While every blaſted bud of vice
 Shrinks in new terrors dead.
 So on that awful judgment day,
 Whoſe image ſhakes the ſoul,
 Tho' keenest lightenings ſhoot their ray,
 And loudeſt thunders roll ;
 Well pleas'd, O Lord, each eye ſhall ſee
 Thoſe final thunders hurl'd,
 And mark with joy, for love of thee,
 That flaſh which melts the world.

A H Y M N,

-OCCASIONED BY THE SIXTY-FIFTH PSALM.

BY J. S.

LET praise to that almighty sovereign rise,
 Who fix'd the mountains, and who spread the
 Who o'er his works extends paternal care; [skies;
 Whose kind protection all the nations share:
 From the glad climes, whence morn in beauty drest,
 Forth goes, rejoicing, to the farthest west;
 On him alone their whole dependence lies,
 And his rich mercy every want supplies.
 O thou great author of th' extended whole!
 Revolving seasons praise thee as they roll:
 By thee spring, summer, autumn, winter, rise;
 Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smiling skies:
 By thy command the softening shower distills,
 Till genial warmth the teeming furrow fills;
 Then fav'ring sun-shine o'er the clime extends,
 And blest by thee, the verdant blade ascends;
 Next spring's gay products cloath the flowery hills,
 And joy the wood, and joy the valley fills;
 Then soon thy bounty swells the golden ear,
 And bids the harvest crown the fruitful year:
 Thus all thy works conspicuous worship raise,
 And nature's face proclaims her maker's praise.

HYMN. FROM PSALM VIII.

BY THE SAME.

Almighty power ! amazing are thy ways ;
 Above our knowledge, and above our praise !
 How all thy works thy excellence display !
 How fair, how great, how wonderful are they !
 Thy hand yon wide-extended heaven uprais'd,
 Yon wide-extended heaven with stars emblaz'd,
 Where each bright orb, since time his course begun,
 Has roll'd a mighty world, or shin'd a sun :
 Stupendous thought ! how sinks all human race !
 A point, an atom, in the field of space !
 Yet even to us, O Lord, thy care extends,
 Thy bounty feeds us, and thy power defends ;
 Yet even to us, as delegates of thee,
 Thou giv'st dominion over land and sea ;
 Whate'er or walks on earth, or flits in air ;
 Whate'er of life the watery regions bear ;
 All these are ours, and for th' extensive claim,
 We owe due homage to thy sacred name !
 Almighty power ! how wond'rous are thy ways !
 How far above our knowledge and our praise !

TRUST

TRUST IN GOD. A POEM.

BY PETER PINNELL, M. A.

Why art thou so full of heaviness, O my soul, and why
art thou disquieted within me. —

—PUT THY TRUST IN GOD. Ps. XLII. 6, 7.

WHY droops the head, why languishes the eye?
What mean the flowing tear, and frequent
Where are the lenient med'cines to impart [sigh?
Their balmy virtue to a bleeding heart?
Fruitless are all attempts for kind relief
To mix her cordial, and allay my grief;
So strong my anguish, so severe my pain,
Weak is philosophy, and reason vain:
Such rules, like fuel, make my passion glow,
Quicken each pang, and point the sting of woe:
Imagination labours but in vain,
While darkening clouds intoxicate the brain:
Fancy no sweet ideas can suggest,
To lull the raging tumult in my breast;
In vain or mirth invites, or friendship calls,
Wit dies a jest, and conversation palls;
Nature and art supply fresh springs of care,
And each obtruding thought creates despair;

No scenes amuse me, that amus'd before,
 And what delighted once, delights no more :
 Tho' all creation beautiful appears,
 And nature's aspect a rich verdure wears ;
 Yet still her bloom with sickening eyes I see,
 And all her luxury is lost on me :
 The budding plants of variegated hue,
 The blossoms opening with the morning dew ;
 The vernal breeze that gently fans the bowers,
 The laughing meadows, and enlivening showers,
 Th' enamell'd garden, where the works of art
 Give strength to nature, and fresh charms impart ;
 Where gaudy pinks, and blushing roses bloom,
 Rich in array, and pregnant with perfume ;
 Where Flora, smiling, sees her offspring vie
 To spread their beauties, and regale the eye :
 All, all, in vain, with charms united glow
 To deck the scene, or gild the face of woe :
 So when the morning lark ascending sings,
 While joy attunes his voice, and mounts his wings ;
 Tho' to his cheerful notes the hills reply,
 And warbling music gladdens all the sky ;
 Still in his strains no pleasing charms I find,
 No sweet enchantment to compose my mind.
 In vain the sun his gaudy pride displays,
 No genial warmth attends his brightest rays ;
 And when his absent light the moon supplies,
 Or planets glitter to enrich the skies,

No

No gleam of comfort from their lustre flows,
 No harbinger of peace, or calm repose :
 But gloomy vapours o'er the night prevail,
 And pestilence is spread in every gale :
 Thus weaken'd by a gradual decay,
 Life's bitter cup I drink without allay,
 Nor taste the blessing of one cheerful day. }
 Come then, kind death, thy sharpest steel prepare,
 Here point the dart, and snatch me from despair !
 But stop, O man, thy plaintive strains suppress,
 With Christian patience learn to acquiesce !
 Th' instructive voice of reason calmly hear,
 And let religion check the flowing tear :
 Whate'er the will of providence assigns,
 'Tis Infidelity alone repines ;
 But those who trust in God disdain to grieve,
 And what our father sends, with joy receive ;
 Whose sharp corrections testify his love,
 And certain blessings in the end will prove ;
 Who sees how man would err without controul,
 Afflicts the body, to improve the soul, }
 And by chastizing part, preserves the whole.
 Hence, tho' dark-lowering skies, and angry gales,
 Conspire to raise the storm, and rend the sails ;
 Yet, if calm reason at the helm preside,
 My little bark will stem both wind and tide ;
 And adverse currents shall at last convey,
 The shatter'd vessel to the realms of day !

Thus taught by Faith, how rash it is and vain
 For man, mere dust and ashes, to complain !
 My soul, with sad disquietude oppress,
 Directs her flight to heaven in search of rest ;
 And refuge takes (which " peace at last will bring")
 Beneath the shadow of th' Almighty's wing ;
 On him I fix my mind, and place my trust,
 A Being infinitely wise and just !
 And should his providence new beams create,
 To brighten the complexion of my fate,
 A cheerful tribute to his throne I'll raise,
 And stamp my song with gratitude and praise.
 But should indulgence suit not his designs,
 Who evil into happiness refines ;
 Let due submission make my burden light,
 And may I think — Whatever is, is right !
 Then " be not thou disquieted my soul,"
 Havelively faith--and " faith will make thee whole."
 When heaven inflicts, with calmness bear the stroke,
 Since to repine is only to provoke ;
 Learn to adore the justice of thy God,
 And kiss the sacred hand that holds the rod ;
 That sacred hand, which first the heart explores,
 Probes every wound, and searches all the sores ;
 Then the right med'cine properly applies,
 To cleanse the part where all th' infection lies.
 Hear this, thou coward man, nor dread the smart,
 Which, tho' it stings, will purify the heart ;
For

For resignation will promote the cure,
 And, tho' the means are sharp, the end is sure.
 Since then afflictions are thro' mercy sent,
 To be of good the happy instrument ;
 Since for the noblest ends they are design'd,
 To form the judgment, to improve the mind,
 To curb our passions, to direct our love,
 To awe mankind, and speak a God above ;
 O may I view them with religion's eye,
 Nor lose the guard of virtue till I die !
 Hence shall I taste the sweets that evils bring,
 And suck the honey, while I feel the sting ;
 Hence shall I learn the bitter cup to bless,
 And drink it as a draught of happiness ;
 A wholesome potion, which, tho' mix'd with gall,
 May still preserve my life, my soul, my all !
 Thus fix'd my heart ; tho' fruit should fail the vine,
 The fig-tree sicken, and its bloom decline ;
 The labour of the olive be in vain,
 And flocks infected, perish on the plain ;
 Tho' corn, and oil, and wine at once decrease,
 The fields grow barren, and the harvest cease ;
 Tho' baffled hinds their fruitless toil deplore,
 And vales uncheerful laugh and sing no more ;
 Yet still with gladness would I serve the Lord,
 Adore his wisdom, and obey his word —
 Hear then, O God, regard a suppliant's prayer ;
 Sooth all my pangs, and save me from despair :

Illuminate my soul with gladsome rays,
 And tune my voice to thy eternal praise ;
 Dispel the clouds of darkness from my eyes,
 And make me know that to be good is wise :
 Let christian precepts all my soul employ,
 And be not more my duty, than my joy :
 Let conscience, void of art, and free from guile,
 Still in my bosom innocently smile ;
 Her cheerful beams will gild the gloom of fate,
 And make me happy in whatever state.
 Hence shall I learn my talent to improve,
 If poor by patience, and if rich by love ;
 If fortune smiles, let me be virtue's friend,
 And where I go, let charity attend :
 Within my bosom let compassion dwell,
 To soften all the woes which others feel ;
 T' assuage by kind relief affliction's sighs,
 And wipe the falling tear from widows eyes ;
 To feed the hungry, the distress'd to cheer,
 The needy succour, and the feeble rear :
 Hence shall my mind, inflam'd with public good,
 Unshaken stand in midst of plenty's flood ;
 Hence shall I scorn temptation's gilded bait,
 Look with disdain on all the pomp of state,
 And by humility be truly great. }
 But should it be thy blessed will to spread
 Clouds of thick darkness lowering o'er my head ;
 Let me have grace to know they are design'd,
 To check my follies, and correct my mind ;

Let me have grace to know in my distress,
 I still to thee may have a free access ;
 And be an heir (tho' all the world should frown)
 Of heavenly glory, and a future crown !
 From these reflections true contentment flows,
 Contentment—such as grandeur seldom knows ;
 Hence in the lowly cot a relish springs,
 Above the taste of courts, and pride of kings.
 Thus in the flood of wealth be thou my guide,
 And steer my course 'twixt avarice and pride ;
 Or, in the ebb of fortune, teach my mind
 To know its duty, and to be resign'd ;
 Prepare me to receive or good or ill,
 As the result of thy almighty will ;
 Thy will, whose chief design and general plan
 Tend to promote the happiness of man :
 Be every sensual appetite suppress'd,
 Nor the least taint lie lurking in my breast :
 Let steady reason my affections guide,
 And calm content sit smiling by my side ;
 Teach me with scorn to view the things below,
 As gaudy phantoms, and an empty show ;
 But guide my wishes to the things above,
 As the sole object of a christian's love ;
 Make me reflect on my eternal home,
 A dying Saviour, and a life to come ;
 Direct me virtue's happy course to run,
 And let me, as instructed by thy son,
 In every station say, Thy will be done.

ON THE DEATH OF LADY SHAW.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLI.

BY THE SAME.

Offendunt terribis hanc tantum fata, neque ultra

Effc finunt. —

VIRG.

THUS death, the king of terrors, spoke : —

- “ Be sure the aim, and home the stroke ;
- “ My will despotic has decreed
- “ The fairest sacrifice shall bleed ;
- “ To gratify my wanton pride.
- “ Where do the graces all reside ?
- “ Where shall the pointed arrow fly,
- “ That each may sicken, pine, and die ?
- “ Where can the stroke be so severe,
- “ To make all nature drop a tear ?
- “ Soon as among the fair I see
- “ Perfection’s bright epitome,
- “ I’ll vent my fury, fix her doom,
- “ And in its verdure nip the bloom ;
- “ Tho’ all the various charms combin’d,
- “ Of person, intellect, and mind ;
- “ Still unsuccessful they should plead,
- “ To stop my dart, or check its speed :

“ No

" No soft-endearing smiles of youth,
 " Good-nature, innocence, or truth,
 " Shall change my purpose to assault
 " The first I meet without a fault :
 " Nor universal prayers shall save
 " Th' unspotted victim from the grave ;
 " But fall she must — tho' good and wise, —
 " And all the world shall sympathize."

Thus having spoke — the tyrant saw
 An object free from every flaw,
 Then bent his bow — and aim'd at Shaw.

}

A SICK MAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS CANDLE.

BY THE SAME.

THY size, bright taper, does so quickly waste;
 It bids me think the present day my last !
 Tho' narrow limits thy short date confine,
 Compar'd to infinite — what more is mine ?
 This day must end thy being, and before
 To-morrow's dawn myself may be no more !
 Both in life's morn with gayest lustre shine,
 And, as the night advances, both decline ;
 Both by one common fate seem closely link'd,
 And after one short blaze shall be extinct ;
 Our lives the same, our periods both agree ;
 So where's the difference 'twixt you and me !

ADVICE

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON SEEING HER DANCE.

BY THE SAME.

O! may you walk, as years advance,
 Smooth and erect, as now you dance;
 May you on each important stage,
 From bloom of youth to wither'd age,
 Assert your claim to merit's prize,
 And, as at present, charm our eyes;
 Observant of decorum's laws,
 And moving with the same applause,
 May you, thro' life's perplexing maze,
 Direct your steps with equal praise;
 Its intricate meanders trace
 With regularity and grace;
 From the true figure never swerve,
 And time in every step observe;
 Give ear to harmony and reason,
 Nor make one motion out of season;
 Thus will life's current gently flow,
 And pour forth every bliss below;
 Till nature failing, ebb shall bring
 Death with his dart — but not his sting!

TO A L A D Y,

ON ASKING MY OPINION OF FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

Would Chloe know the highest bliss,
 That friendship boasts—it must be this;—
 When Hymen crowns what Love begun,
 And two fond hearts unite in one;
 When each, as to delight or pain,
 Is bound in sympathetic chain,
 And both reciprocally borrow,
 To heighten joy, or sweeten sorrow.
 This is the highest bliss below,
 This friendship only can bestow;
 And may propitious heaven design,
 That such a friendship shall be mine,
 And since this wish relates to two,
 O! may that friendship be with you!

T O S Y L V I A :

PRESENTED WITH A RING, BEARING A HEART,
WITH THIS MOTTO, — STOP THIEF.

SOon as I saw those beauteous eyes,
You play'd a roguish part ;
You first enthrall'd me by surprize,
Then robb'd me of my heart.
Since thus you now may boast of two,
Disputing is in vain :
Render to me your own in lieu,
Or give me mine again.
If not, tho' you're by all confest
The master-piece of nature ;
I'll paint you to the world at best
A double-hearted creature.

TO

T O A L A D Y.

WITH A BOOK OF MORALITY, ENTITLED
 " VISIONS."

" **S**O strong the passions of the human mind,
 " To truth reluctant, and to reason blind ;
 " These rules, compar'd with real life, must seem
 " All airy visions, and an empty dream :
 " For when a plan of conduct we would draw,
 " That dares the critic's eye to show a flaw,
 " Fancy may wish its antitype to see,
 " And feast upon its charms in theory ;
 " Yet still in practice all our hopes are vain,
 " To realize this image of the brain."

Thus, foe to nature, spoke the gloomy sage ;
 But let his labour'd lines inform the page ;
 Let him exhaust his genius to display,
 Truth's pleasant path, and virtue's peaceful way :
 Each moral rule with energy dispense,
 That forms the conduct, or improves the sense :
 Still must philosophy renounce the prize,
 Still nature must to art superior rise ;
 For nature now triumphantly can show
 A living instance of those rules in you.

A SUPPLICATION.

BY A LADY, JUST BEFORE MARRIAGE.

PRepare me, O almighty Lord,
 For that important day,
 When I shall plight my solemn word,
 To "honour and obey:"
 When at thy sacred altar I
 With trembling feet shall stand,
 Be thy eternal spirit by
 To join the heart and hand.
 United thus, no human force
 Can part the happy pair,
 But life will run a cheerful course
 Of sunshine all the year:
 Yet still, as pleasure's cup enjoy'd,
 A bitter draught may prove,
 Unless our thoughts be oft employ'd
 On happiness above;
 Within us, Lord, new hearts create,
 Prepar'd for heavenly bliss;
 That we may seek a better state,
 While sojourners in this.

ANOTHER.

A N O T H E R.

BY THE SAME.

Almighty Lord of heaven and earth,
 Who gave to me and all things birth,
 Receive a suppliant's prayer !
 Look on me with compassion's eye,
 And mercy's lenient balm supply,
 To save me from despair.
 Let love abound, suspicion cease,
 Let wrath be swallow'd up in peace,
 And discord rage no more !
 Thus gratitude shall teach my heart,
 To chuse thro' life the better part,
 And thee, my God, adore !
 This is the humble prayer I make,
 When I my Damon's hand shall take,
 That we, from care exempt,
 May see our moments flow serene,
 And still preserve the golden mean
 'Twixt envy and contempt !

ORIGINAL

ORIGINAL FABLES.

IMITATED FROM A FRENCH MANUSCRIPT OF
MR. CAZOTTE.

BY MR. CHARLES DENIS.

FABLE I.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF GIFTS.

JOve once, 'tis said, was angry grown
With all mankind ; and we must own
With reason too : th' ungrateful race
Dar'd even to their maker's face,
Unthinking, insolent and vain,
Presume of hardships to complain.
Say, did not I (thus spoke the god)
Create at will that human clod ?
Endow it with a soul divine,
That attribute a spark of mine ?
Did I not place him on yon ball,
That earth, and make him lord of all ?
Did I not give him full command
O'er every creature in the land ?
O'er all that in the waters swim,
O'er all that thro' light ether skim ?

H

Nay

Nay more : I gave a loving wife,
 To be the solace of his life ;
 A fair one too. (Jove swears and vows
 He'd gladly club for such a spouse :
 For Jove we know would now and then,
 By way of frolick, act like men)
 The very being of a state
 Consists of small, as well as great ;
 From first to last there must be ranks ;
 Man's blest in all, yet gives no thanks :
 To every one Jove's bounty flows ;
 To these bright honours, wealth to those :
 And they who dwell in humble cot
 May boast indeed the happiest lot :
 Instead of grandeur, pomp, and wealth,
 I give them mirth, content, and health :
 Nay some have still a luckier hit,
 As country squire, and London cit,
 Great appetites, and little wit. }
 What would ungrateful mortals have ?
 How dare they say, Jove nothing gave ?
 To please mankind's no easy task ;
 Give e'er so much, they've more to ask.

FABLE

F A B L E II.

ALEXANDER'S STICK.

GOD Alexander, it was said,
 Like mortal man, lay sick in bed :
 Without—'tis said, without—we hear,
 How can a fabulist appear ?
 Once on a day—once on a night—
 Time out of mind—are ours of right.
 So far digress, let's retrograde,
 Like others of the rhyming trade,
 And tell our story as we can—
 This son of Jove was but a man :
 In bed we left him, and no doubt,
 You long to know his ail :—the gout.
 The gout ! are kings tormented thus ?
 Have they infirmities like us ?
 Why not ? one clay makes up our frame ;
 And kings and subjects are the same.
 It happen'd, where our god was sick,
 That on the carpet lay a stick ;
 Yes, a crabstick by chance lay there,
 No matter how, or whence, or where.
 The wanted stick was valued much,
 And soon was fashion'd into crutch.

And now the monarch's dear support,
 He thinks himself, like some at court,
 Of such importance to the state,
 As must on him obsequious wait.
 Such merit never can be slighted ;
 And to be sure he will be knighted.
 And then aloud how fame will blab,
 That he is dubb'd Sir Broomstick Crab !
 Favour at court, I've often read,
 Intoxicates the wisest head :
 If so, ye courtiers, by your leave,
 How must a simpleton behave ?
 Sir Crab now hopes to be his grace,
 Since he supplies the sceptre's place ;
 For if a sceptre's really good,
 Be it of silver, gold, or wood,
 'Tis not the matter which we prize,
 In merit all the difference lies.
 Merit I have no doubt, or why
 Should this great king on me rely ?
 Last night, his generals around him
 Had left him all just as they found him ;
 But with my help the god-like man
 Of future conquests form'd the plan ;
 Trac'd in the sand, in case of need,
 How to fall back, and when proceed ;
 Here we make war ; there peace proclaim ;
 With us great folks 'tis all the same.

Yet

Yet we'll pursue an honest plan,
 And fix the limits—if we can.
 But who shall check our bold career ?
 Ambition knows of no barrier :
 Not rapid Ganges, deep and wide,
 Its bordering kingdoms can divide :
 If so, these kingdoms all shall prove,
 What 'tis t' oppose the son of Jove.
 Thus, whilst our new-made courtier fed
 The wild chimera in his head,
 Some rest the gouty hero gains ;
 He finds a respite from his pains ;
 And growing better every day,
 The useless stick is thrown away.
 By this example warning take,
 Ye courtiers ! ye who dream awake :
 Court-favours are precarious things ;
 The wind will change—and so may kings.

F A B L E III.

JUPITER AND THE POET.

IN angry mood Jove once, they say,
 (That god comes often in my way)
 Vow'd he'd chastise a certain bard,
 For want of reverence and regard :
 What ! Jupiter have passions then ?
 Read Homer, and your gods are men.
 A thing call'd poet (what his name,
 Or who he is, or whence he came,
 It matters not) would have his joke,
 Of gods irreverently spoke ;
 And to enhance his fund of sin,
 With Jove himself must needs begin.
 Haste, Vulcan, to thy forge ; and fetch
 That bolt doom'd for the greatest wretch.
 But stay — bring with thee great and small ;
 In one dread heap I'll lanch them all.
 A dire example he shall prove
 To all such bards as sneer at Jove.
 Vulcan his orders strait obey'd —
 The whole creation shakes dismay'd ;
 Redoubl'd thunder roars aloud,
 And from the thick collected cloud

Keen lightnings, darting thro' the sky,
 In serpentine meanders fly.
 Earth dreads, left from her axis whirl'd,
 She be again to chaos hurl'd.
 And where's the poet all this while ?
 Asleep : and sleeping seems to smile :
 Ah ! soon he'll feel the vengeful blast, —
 That sleep will surely be his last.
 No : he awakes calm and serene,
 Unconscious of the dismal scene :
 He to Jove's wrath his safety owes :
 The dart must err which passion throws.
 For all these bolts together tumbled,
 In wild confusion, only rumbled ;
 Thro' vacant skies are vainly tost,
 And all the expedition's lost.
 Some few, tho' guiltless, bore the shock,
 And here an oak, and there a rock
 Torn up, o'erthrown in woeful plight,
 Proclaim'd the horrors of the night.
 Now had this wrath-enkindled god
 Seiz'd a stout broomstick, or a rod,
 Instead of all this mighty din —
 A mercy on the poet's skin !

F A B L E IV.

THE FROG AND THE RAT.

ONce on a time a foolish frog,
 Vain, proud, and stupid as a log,
 (For 'tis an axiom of the school,
 Who argues proud concludes a fool)
 Tir'd with the marsh, her native home,
 Imprudently abroad would roam,
 And fix her habitation where
 She'd breathe at least a purer air.
 She was resolv'd to change, that's pos's;
 Could she be worse than where she was?
 Away the silly creature leaps:
 A rat, who saw her lab'ring steps,
 Cry'd out, where in this hurry pray?
 You certainly will go astray.
 Ne'er fear, I quit that filthy bog,
 Where I so long have croak'd incog:
 People of talents sure should thrive,
 And not be buried thus alive.
 But pray, for I'm extremely dry,
 Know you of any water nigh?
 None, said the rat, you'll reach to day,
 As you so slowly make your way.

Believe

Believe a friend, and take my word,
 This jaunt of yours is quite absurd.
 Go to your froggery again ;
 In your own element remain.
 No : on the journey she was bent ;
 Her thirst increas'ing as she went,
 For want of drink she scarce can hop,
 And yet despairing of a drop,
 Too late she moans her folly past :
 She faints, she sinks, she breathes her last.
 Frogs, in your marshes be content ;
 Dry land for you was never meant.
 Some breathe in dry, some in moist air,
 But all should live within their sphere.

THE

THE YOUNG WIDOW. A FABLE.

BY MR. C. DENIS.

HUlse shook his head—poor Damon lay a dying;
And close by his bed-side his wife sat crying:
O stay, she said; and must we part?

My soul, like thine, is on the wing;
Methinks I feel death's iron dart;
But oh! 'tis that which wounds thy heart,
That bears to mine the sting.

Her grief was great, so was her moan:

And much to die she seem'd inclin'd;
Howe'er, she let him go alone,
And prudently remain'd behind.

A week, or so, was past and gone,
Still she continued weeping on,
When to her house her father came,
And thus address'd the mournful dame:
My child, said he, enough of tears you've shed;
Think of the living, and forget the dead.
Another spouse—don't startle at the word,
'Tis but a second, you may have a third.

As soon as decency permits,
I have a husband to propose;
Young, handsome, rich, just one of those
That's form'd to cure a widow's fits.

Ah,

Ah, fir ! is this a father's part
 To wound afresh a bleeding heart ?
 Shall I another husband wed ?
 Oh no : my only love is dead ;
 Nor will I other wedding have,
 'Till I am bedded in his grave.

The father left her to digest
 The wife and prudent things he said ;
 He put the husband in her head ;

And time he knew would do the rest.
 The cares of mourning next took place ;
 To dress her grief, and suit her face :
 'Twas Cupid's thought ; for what exceeds
 A pretty widow in her weeds ?
 And now each looking-glass could tell
 That black became her vastly well.

The smiles and graces, that were scar'd away,
 With all the band of little loves,
 And Cytherea's doves,

Came dropping in each day.

The father, if report says true,

Another visit made, ere mourning over ;
 I'm glad, my dear, said he, so well to find you ;

But mention'd not a word of the new lover :
 At which she blush'd — must I then, fir, remind you ?
 The thing's too serious to be made a joke of ;
 Where is the husband, pray, that once you spoke of ?

Wide is the difference, as you see it here,
 'Twixt widow of a day, and widow of a year.
 All lenient time expands his wings,
 Away he flies with human cares ;
 Then back, full fraught with joy, repairs,
 And every balmy comfort brings.
 Time checks the mourning husband's sighs ;
 'Tis he congeals the falling tear,
 To form the lovely lucid leer,
 Which sparkles in a widow's eyes.

ON THE ROYAL NUPTIALS.

TO THE QUEEN.

BY MRS. P---

When every tongue great George's praise recites,
 And heart-felt gratitude the verse indites;
 May I my wishes for his weal impart,
 In words that speak the language of the heart:
 May I, the humblest of the muses train,
 Presume to join them in the lofty strain;
 Yes, yes, the inspiring muse now darts her ray,
 And bids to Charlotte thus devote the lay.
 Deign then, O queen! to view this humble wreath,
 And on the flowery band acceptance breathe:
 As fragrant as thy George's name,
 Whose incense rises on the wings of fame,
 These have I cull'd from Pindus' sacred shade,
 With blooming flowerets that can never fade;
 Emblems of virtues that thy George adorn,
 Foretelling blessings to an age unborn;
 Laurels unchanging join the mystic band,
 Which speak the glories of this conquering land:
 These, royal Charlotte, by the muse consign'd,
 Trembling I weave, thy sacred brow to bind.

The

The wreath thus form'd, receive it, gracious queen
 And mark the virtues that in George are seen :
 His name, by generous deeds illustrious grown,
 Now shines the brightest jewel in his crown ;
 Fair honour sits enthron'd upon his brow,
 Where youth and beauty like these flowerets grow
 Virtue and truth his steady footsteps wait,
 And mercy, smiling cherub, opens his gate :
 At his example vice astonish'd falls,
 And dreads an exile from our happy walls :
 Religion now fresh beams her cheering ray,
 And heaven's vicegerent gladly owns the sway :
 True filial piety his bosom warms,
 And social fondness in the monarch charms :
 From his bright pattern every blessing springs,
 The best of sons, of brothers, and of kings.
 What more remain'd to form the god-like youth ?
 Paternal fondness, and connubial truth.
 Lo ! now approving angels gracious bring
 A consort worthy Albion's virtuous king :
 Graces celestial to her mind belong,
 Humble tho' great, and sagely wise tho' young.
 England's old genius like himself appears,
 And points exulting to the coming years ;
 With joy paternal bids obedient fame
 To trembling nations British George proclaim :
 Long may he reign, encircled with renown,
 Fair as his virtues, mighty as his crown :

May

May sweet domestic bliss, unmix'd with care,
 And soft content your rising hours prepare :
 May each succeeding year new transport bring,
 And truth and wisdom bloom perpetual spring :
 Long may the people and the king contest,
 Who most revere, who love each other best :
 May his dread sceptre horrid war bid cease,
 And awe perfidious nations into peace :
 May home-felt bliss the cares of state beguile,
 The parent's rapture at the cherub-smile ;
 'T'he joys refin'd to rear the budding flower,
 And taste its sweetness in the vernal hour ;
 Joys ! such as lov'd, lamented Frederick knew,
 Beneath whose care his infant virtues grew :
 Like good Augusta be great Charlotte seen,
 Nor lose the mother in the mighty queen :
 And late, oh late, may heaven's dread mandate come,
 Which calls the mortal to his native home :
 Then may some radiant spirit guide your way,
 To the blest'd regions of eternal day ;
 There, brighter crown'd, amidst the sacred throng,
 In strains celestial join the seraph's song.

ON

ON OCCASION OF THE PEACE. A POEM.

BY F. F—.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extends,
 And white-rob'd innocence from heaven descends. POPE.

A Dieu the horrors of destructive war,
 And mad Bellona in her iron car!
 But welcome to our smiling fields again,
 Sweet peace! attended with thy jocund train,
 Truth, virtue, freedom, that can never cloy,
 And all the pleasing family of joy.
 Those schemes pursued, which Pitt so wisely plan'd,
 Conquest has shower'd her blessings on the land;
 And Britain's sons more laurels have obtain'd,
 Than all her Henries, or her Edwards gain'd:
 George saw with joy the peaceful period given,
 And bow'd obedient to the will of heaven:
 Awful he rose to bid dissention cease,
 And all the warring world was calm'd to peace;
 "Thus did the roaring waves their rage compose,
 "When the great father of the floods arose."
 Then came Aftrea mild, our isle to bless,
 Fair queen of virtue, and of happiness!
 Then came our troops in fighting fields renown'd,
 And mark'd with many an honourable wound.

The

The tender fair one, long by fears oppress'd,
 Now feels soft raptures rising in her breast,
 The blooming hero of her heart to view,
 And hear him bid the dangerous camp adieu.
 The widow'd bride, that long on grief had fed,
 And bath'd with weeping the deserted bed,
 Glad that the tumults of the war are o'er,
 That terror, rage, and rapine are no more,
 Greets her rough lord, secure from hostile harms,
 And hopes an age of pleasure in his arms :
 While he, with pompous eloquence, recites
 Dire scenes of castles storm'd, and desperate fights;
 Or tells how Wolfe the free-born Britons led,
 How Granby conquer'd, and the Household fled ;
 She, to the pleasing dreadful tale intent,
 Now smiles, now trembles, for the great event.
 O curst ambition, foe to human good,
 Pregnant with woe, and prodigal of blood !
 Thou fruitful source, whence streams of sorrow flow,
 What devastations to thy guilt we owe !
 Where-e'er thy fury riots, all around
 Confusion, havoc, and dread deaths abound :
 Where Ceres flourish'd, and gay Flora smil'd,
 Behold a barren, solitary wild !
 To stately cedars thorns and briars succeed,
 And in the garden spreads the noxious weed ;
 Where cattle pastured late, the purple plain,
 Sad scene of horror ! teems with heroes slain ;

Where the proud palace rear'd its haughty head,
 Deep in the dust, see! crumbling columns spread;
 See gallant Britons in the field expire,
 Towns turn'd to ashes, fanes involv'd in fire!
 These deeds the guilt of rash ambition tell,
 And bloody discord, furious fiend of hell!
 Ye baneful sisters, with your frantic crew,
 Hence speed your flight, 'and take your last adieu,
 Eternal wars in barbarous worlds to wage;
 There vent your inextinguishable rage.
 But come, fair Peace, and be the nation's bride,
 And let thy sister Plenty grace thy side,
 O come! and with thy placid presence cheer
 Our drooping hearts, and stay for ever here.
 Now be the shrill, strife-stirring trumpet mute;
 Now let us listen to the softer lute:
 The shepherd now his numerous flocks shall feed,
 Where war relentless doom'd the brave to bleed;
 On ruin'd ramparts shall the hawthorn flower,
 And mantling ivy clasp the nodding tower,
 Unusual harvests wave along the dale,
 And the bent sickle o'er the sword prevail.
 No more shall states with rival rage contend,
 But arts their empire o'er the world extend;
 Ingenuous arts, that humanize the mind,
 And give the brightest polish to mankind!
 Then shall our chiefs in breathing marble stand,
 And life seem starting from the sculptor's hand;
Then

Then lovely nymphs in living picture rise,
 The fairest faces, and the brightest eyes :
 There * polish'd Lane no loss of beauty fears ;
 Her charms, still mellowing with revolving years,
 Shall, ev'n on canvas, youthful hearts engage,
 And warm the cold indifference of age :
 Then the firm arch shall stem the roaring tide,
 And join those countries which the streams divide ;
 Then villas rise of true palladian proof,
 And the proud palace rear its ample roof ;
 Then statelier temples to the skies ascend,
 Where mix'd with nobles mighty king's may bend,
 Where poverty may send her sighs to heaven,
 And guilt return, repent, and be forgiven.
 Such are the fruits which sacred peace imparts,
 Sweet nurse of liberty and learned arts !
 These she restores — O ! that she could restore
 Life to those Britons who now breathe no more,
 Who in th' embattled field undaunted stood,
 And greatly perish'd in their country's good ;
 Or who, by rage of angry tempests tost,
 In whirlpools of the whelming main were lost.
 Ye honour'd shades of chiefs untimely slain !
 Whose bones lie scatter'd on some foreign plain ;

* The hon. mrs. Lane, daughter of the right hon. lord
 chancellor Henley, and wife to the hon. mr. Lane.

That now perchance by lonely hind are seen
 In glittering armour gliding o'er the green ;
 Ye ! that beneath the cold cerulean wave
 Have made the watery element your grave,
 Whose wandering spirits haunt the winding shore,
 Or ride on whirlwinds while the billows roar,
 With kind protection still our isle defend,
 (If souls unbodied can protection lend)
 Still o'er the king your shadowy pinions spread,
 And in the day of danger shield his head ;
 Your bright examples shall our pattern be
 To make us valiant, and to keep us free.

Dec. 1762.

ODE

O D E O N D A R K N E S S .

TIS now the dreary hour of night,
 When darkness shuts the sense of sight :
 Where sparkles now that florid grace,
 That sat enthron'd on nature's face ?
 That golden flood of glory where,
 That stream'd its lustre thro' the air ?
 That private, zephyr-quivering shade,
 Where Thyrsis woo'd his lovely maid ?
 Alas ! the sun, alas ! the shade,
 Where Thyrsis woo'd his lovely maid,
 Are vanish'd, and the watery dyke,
 And flowery bank have charms alike.
 The velvet lawn, the tree-topt hill,
 The fertile mead, the neighb'ring rill,
 And all, that lately pleas'd my eye,
 In undistinguish'd darkness lie.
 Oh, darkness ! each extreme degree
 Is reconcil'd alone by thee.
 What now avail Lucinda's eyes,
 That wont to dazzle and surprize ?
 Or what the captivating charms
 Of Stella's lilly-colour'd arms ?
 Since none the difference can see
 'Twixt beauty and deformity.

Involv'd

Involv'd in terror, on his bed
 The wretch of guilt reclines his head,
 Reclines, and wishes for repose,
 That friendly balm of human woes.
 In vain, for gentle sleep denies
 With magic wand to close his eyes ;
 And should he nod, he dreams despair,
 And wakens to redoubled care.
 Then spectred forms before him sweep,
 Imaginary foes to sleep,
 Whilst every whistling breath of wind
 Adds deeper horror to his mind.
 He sweats in tremor, sinks his head,
 To every sense of comfort dead :
 With pain reflects, attempts to pray,
 And yearns to see the glimpse of day.
 Not so, the steady, tranquil man,
 Who acts by reason's virtuous plan ;
 No wild fantastic thoughts controul
 The settled firmness of his soul.
 For, thro' the gloomy veil of night,
 He sees a constant, sacred light,
 That beams its unremitting ray,
 And changes darkness into day.

W. W.

JANU

J A N U A R Y.

A N O D E.

ON yon black cloud, behold Aquarius stand,
 Poising an ample urn in either hand!
 The load he sways, then swiftly pours
 In cataracts the deluge down;
 The rough wind howls discordant with the showers,
 Whilst nature knits each feature to a frown.

The dripping poultry seek the closest sheds:
 The pensive warblers droop their little heads:
 Nor without cause. No gilding ray
 Breaks thro' the foggy veil of air;
 But all is picturesque of blank dismay,
 Engendering spirits of extreme despair.

Is this th' unpleasing foretaste of the year?
 And does the first month meet me with a tear?
 And shall not better days ensue,
 The soul to cherish and sustain?
 Shall no bright prospects lengthen to the view,
 No river smile, no landscape charm again?

Lo! fly the clouds; the sun renews his ray;
 Aquarius adds a lustre to the day:

To

To globes of ice each freezing urn
Transforms : The crown, which late he wore
Surcharg'd with wet, condenses in its turn,
And looks a substance of self-polish'd ore.

Now round the board, my friends ! in concert join,
And drown despair in copious floods of wine.

Vulcan ! sit down and blow the fire ;

And Bacchus, thou ! my butler be :

Approach, my Genius ! fill the goblet higher,
I'll have no other Ganymede but thee.

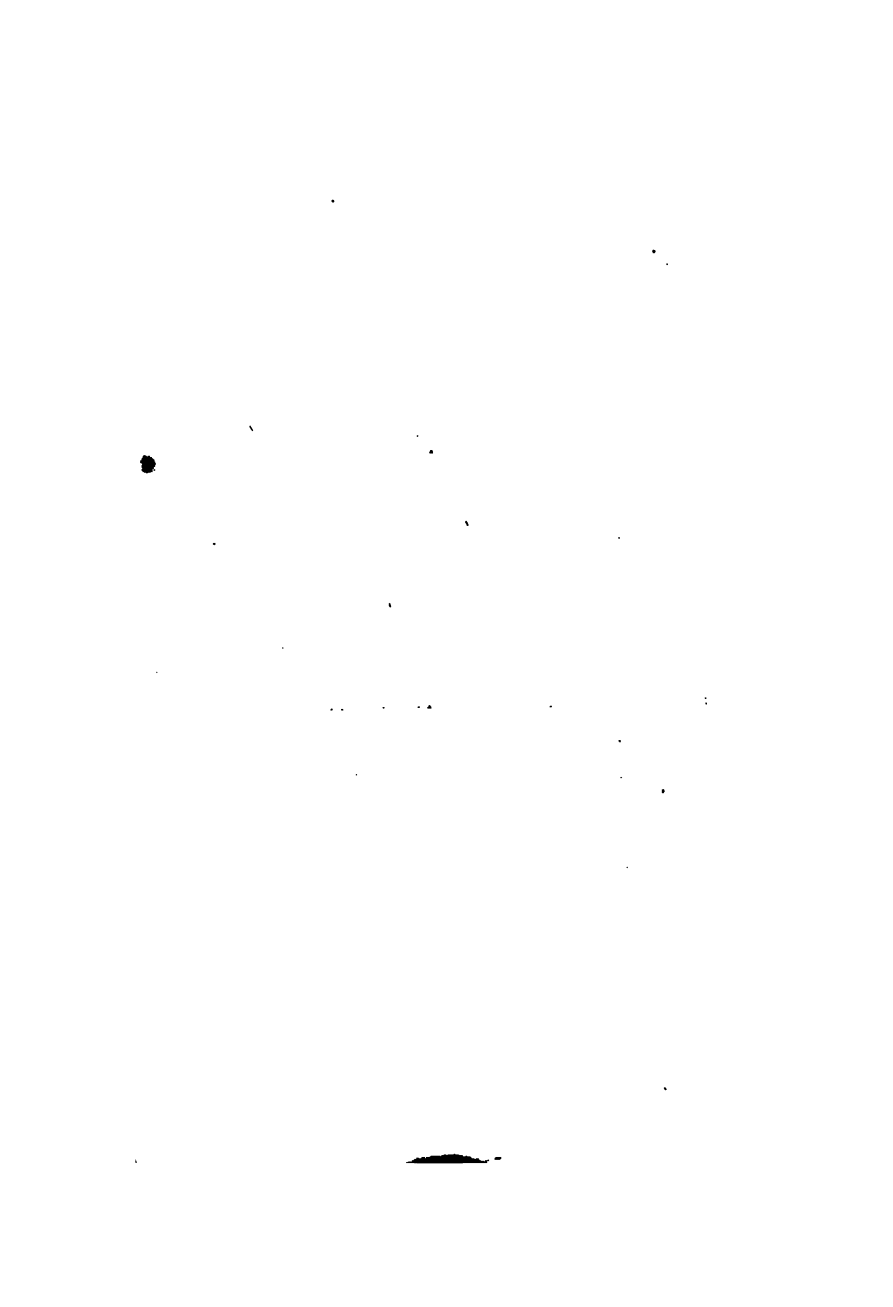
W. W.

END OF VOL. I.

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POETICAL CALENDAR.

V O L. II.

F O R F E B R U A R Y.



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T H E
POETICAL CALENDAR.

O D E T O F E B R U A R Y .

With wreath of yellow crocus bound,
See furr-clad February creep !
His beard with snow is silver'd o'er,
Which still invests the hoary ground :
Two dolphins wait him on the deep,
And as they once Arion bore,
Invite him to serener skies,
Where the delighted spring-bird flies.

But he, intent to prune and plant,
And throw his seeds around the foil,
With decent grace the boon resigns,
Left autumn's treasures should be scant ;
Thence he renews his daily toil,
And trims with care the tender vines ;
From rust he wipes his crooked knife,
And gives the infant sap new life.

VOL. II.

B

Now

Now earlier with her golden key
 Aurora hastens to the east :
 And later now advances night
 To draw her mantle o'er the day,
 Suspending the nocturnal feast :
 Diana sooner hails the light ;
 And hark the jolly huntsman's horn
 With sprightly note salutes the morn !

What are the checquer'd months to me ?
 Or if they lower, or if they shine,
 So Myra but approves my flame :
 Throb not my heart ; be calm and free,
 For yonder comes old Valentine !
 The feather'd songsters shall proclaim
 His festival with blither note,
 And dress anew their bridal coat.

To Myra I enclos'd my heart,
 Each letter bore an ardent vow ;
 St. Valentine the thought inspir'd,
 And wrote the verse with Cupid's dart.
 Next morning with serener brow
 She own'd her melting bosom fir'd ;
 And gaye her every charm to join
 The avison of Valentine.

S T A N Z A S,

OCCASIONED BY THE FORWARDNESS OF THE
SPRING.

O'ER nature's fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
Bleak winter blooms lovely as spring :
Rich flowerets, how fragrant ! rise wantonly round !
And summer's wing'd choristers sing !

To greet the young monarch of Britain's blest isle !
The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd !
The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
And cowslips crowd forward in haste !

Dispatch, gentle Flora ! the nymphs of your train,
Thro' woodlands to gather each sweet :
Then rob of its roses the dew-spangled plain,
And strew the gay spoils at his feet !

Two chaplets of lawrel, in verdure the same,
For George, O ye virgins, entwine !
From conquest's own temples these ever-greens came,
And those from the brows of the nine :

What glories, ye Britons, one emblem implies,
 Shall to your lov'd monarch belong!
 What Miltons, the other, what Drydens arise,
 To make him immortal in song!

To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem of power,
 Whose honours with time shall increase,
 Add a fair olive-sprig, just unfolding its flower:
 Rich token of concord and peace!

Next give him young myrtles, by beauty's brigh
 Collected, the pride of her grove! [queen
 How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
 Sweet promise of conjugal love!

Let Gaul's captive lillies, cropt close from the ground,
 As trophies of conquest be tied:
 The virgins all cry — "There's not one to be found,
 " Out-bloom'd by his roses they died!"

Ye foes of old England! such fate shall ye share:
 With George as our glories advance,
 Thro' envy you'll sicken--you'll droop--you'll despair=
 And die like the lillies of France.

SPRING -

SPRING. ADDRESSED TO MYRA.

A Gain the circling sun in Pisces * rides,
 And up the steep of heaven his courfers guides.
 Stern winter stalks with fullen pace away,
 And night resigns her empire to the day.
 Now various beauty, from the teeming earth,
 Awakes to life, and rises into birth.
 Now floods, from frost unbound, spontaneous flow ;
 The scaly breed now vig'rous sport below.
 New life the vernal sun diffusing wide,
 New life now quickens in the glassy tide ;
 That life, alas ! to fatal wilds a prey,
 The same soft season gives and takes away.
 The fishers now the specious bait apply,
 And, unsuspected, glides the mimic fly ;
 Mean-while the passing cloud and transient shower,
 Dim the clear mirror in a faithless hour ;
 Thro' the false medium now the fry behold,
 The glittering wings mistook for native gold.
 Each springs, impatient of the gawdy prize,
 And each, grown wise too late, repenting dies.
 Take heed, ye fair, by this example taught,
 Such are the wiles by which your sex is caught ;

* The sign in the Zodiac, which the sun occupies in February.

In spring's soft season with most caution trust,
 If men are faithless, to yourselves be just.
 Superior beauty now adorns the skies ;
 Bright and more bright the vernal mornings rise ;
 Now Kenna's * love, fair Albion's silver flower,
 In modest white adorns the genial hour,
 The lovely leader of the flowery race,
 The first in honour, and the first in place,
 With these, Pomona's blooming train appear,
 Sweet pledge of plenty to the closing year,
 Soft Zephyr's breath, and kind prolific rains,
 With various hues and fragrance fill the plains ;
 All, all rejoice, with nature in her prime,
 And pleasure wings the feather'd feet of time.
 Will gentle Myra listen while I sing,
 Wishful to join the music of the spring ?
 By thee alone kind nature can bestow,
 One heart-felt joy, that here I wish to know.
 Thy smile dispenses all that spring can give ;
 For not to live with hope, is not to live.

* The snow-drop. — See Tickel's poem on Kennington gardens.

ON THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY.

BEING THE BIRTH-DAY OF A BEAUTIFUL
YOUNG LADY.

L Ast of the dreary winter's train, .
Hail, February, hail !
In thee the swains salute again
The habitable vale !
Call forth, amidst the leafless glades,
Thy crocuses, and * fairest maids,
From out thy spring-expecting bowers ;
Or else (an honour more divine !)
Around thy brows my nymph shall twine
Her artificial flowers.

The smile of May, the laugh of June,
And autumn's joy full-blown,
In rapture shall thy rough blasts tune,
For Nancy was thy own :
With beauty built upon her bloom,
With sweets deriv'd from her perfume,
You brave the forward charms of spring ;
Since author of so sweet a toast,
The year no brighter gem can boast
In all its circling ring.

* Snow-drops, in Suffolk, are called fair-maids of February.

HORACE, ODE IV. BOOK I. IMITATED.

NOW ice-forming winter is melted away,
 And gentle Favonius refreshes the day ;
 Spring sweetly in dimples now smiles on the streams,
 And wherries sail light on the bosom of Thames ;
 No longer the cattle warm cover require,
 The lubber no longer hangs over the fire ;
 No longer in snow the green meadows are lost,
 And the fields are disarm'd of their breast-plate of frost.
 At noon the gay ladies, like so many graces,
 In the Park, if the sun shines, display their fair faces ;
 But so languid a lustre the sun now supplies,
 'Tis excell'd, far excell'd, by the ladies bright eyes.
 With wreaths of fresh flowers let us cover our heads,
 Crocus, snow-drop, and primrose, that grow in the
 meads ;

But if in the meadows fresh flowerets are rare,
 Our soldiers have plenty of laurels to spare :
 St. Valentine bids us be jovial and gay,
 And finish with wine, love, and friendship, the day ;
 Fill, fill the large bowl, and let enmity cease ;
 Let us drink the king's health, who has crown'd us
 with peace.

Life is short, and grim death alike knocks at the door
 Of the monarch's proud dome, and the cot of the poor :
 Let us live then, nor longer procrastinate bliss,
 When we're dead we shall drink no such liquor as this.

D E I T Y. A P O E M.

BY THE LATE MR. SAMUEL BOYSE.

From earth's low prospects, and deceitful aims,
 From wealth's allurements, and ambition's
 The lover's raptures, and the hero's views, [dreams,
 All the false joys mistaken man pursues,
 The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
 Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
 Recall, fond bard, thy long enchanted fight,
 Deluded with the visionary light!
 A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
 A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
 A theme! that should the noblest warmth impart
 To animate the soul, and warm the heart!
 But oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
 How shalt thou dare to raise the heavenly strain?
 Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
 Isaiah's tuneful lips didst once inspire,
 Come to my aid, celestial spirit, come;
 From my dark mind dispel the dubious gloom;
 My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
 To sing that God from whom existence came;
 Till heaven and nature in the concert join,
 And own the author of their birth divine.

I. ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame, or whence
 The various forms the universe compose? [arose
 From what almighty cause, what mystic springs
 Shall we derive the origin of things?
 Sing heavenly guide! whose all-efficient light
 Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
 Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
 Adores a power beyond the reach of thought.
 First cause of causes! fire supreme of birth!
 Sole light of heaven! acknowledg'd life of earth!
 Whose word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,
 This ~~wide~~-expanded all from pole to pole!
 Who shall prescribe the boundary to thee?
 Or fix the æra of eternity!
 Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,
 Admit the thought absurd—that nothing was!
 Thence would this wild, this false conclusion flow,
 That nothing rais'd this beauteous all below!
 When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,
 Associate atoms move, and matter speaks!
 When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
 How blind are mortals?—not to own the skies!
 If one vast void eternal held its place,
 Whence started time? or whence expanded space!

What

What gave the slumbering mafs to feel a change?

Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range!

Could nothing link the univerfal chain?

No, 'tis impoffible, abfurd and vain!

Here reason its eternal author finds,

The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,

Enlivens matter, and produces minds!

Inaſtive chaos fleeps in dull repoſe,

Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!

A nobler ſource thoſe powers etherial ſhow,

By which we think, deſign, reflect, and know;

Theſe from a cauſe ſuperior date their riſe,

“ Abſtract in eſſence from material ties.”

An origin immortal, as ſupreme,

From whoſe pure day, celeftial rays! they came:

In whom all poſſible perfeſtions ſhine,

Eternal, ſelf-exiſtent, and divine!

From this great ſpring of uncreated might!

This all-reſplendent orb of vital light!

Whence all created beings take their riſe,

Which beautify the earth, or paint the ſkies!

Profuſely-wide the boundleſs bleſſings flow,

Which heaven enrich, and gladden worlds below!

Which are no leſs, when properly defin'd,

Than emanations of th' eternal mind!

Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear

(Let unbelief attend, and ſhrink with fear!)

That

That what for ever was — must surely be
 Beyond commencement, and from period free ;
 Drawn from himself his native excellence,
 His date eternal, and his space immense !
 And all of whom that man can comprehend,
 Is, that he ne'er begun, nor e'er shall end.
 In him from whom existence boundless flows,
 Let humble faith its sacred trust repose ;
 Assur'd, on his eternity depend,
 " Eternal father ! and eternal friend !"
 Within that mystic circle safety seek,
 No time can weaken, and no force can break ;
 And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
 High rock of ages, antient fire of days !

II. UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and thought !
 Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot !
 Approach, celestial muse ! th' empyreal throne,
 And awfully adore th' exalted one !
 In nature pure, in place supremely free,
 And happy in essential unity !
 Blest'd in himself, had from his forming hand
 No creatures sprung to hail his wide command ;
 Blest'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
 A boundless sea of bliss, that knows no shore !

Nor

Nor sense can two bright origins conceive,
 Nor reason two eternal Gods believe !
 Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
 The good would triumph, and the ill subside !
 Again would vanquish'd Arimanius bleed,
 And darkness from prevailing light recede !
 In different individuals we find,
 An evident disparity of mind ;
 Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
 And actions vary as the will ordains ;
 But should two beings, equally supreme,
 Divided power, and parted empire claim ;
 How soon would universal order cease !
 How soon would discord harmony displace ?
 Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
 Nor yield, supported by eternal might ?
 Where each would uncontrol'd his aim pursue,
 The links dissever, or the chain renew ;
 Matter from motion crosses impressions take,
 As serv'd each power his rival's power to break,
 While neutral chaos, from his deep recess,
 Would view the never-ending strife increase,
 And bless the contest which secur'd his peace !
 Or new creations would opposing rise,
 With elemental war to blot the skies !
 And round wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
 Would veil the heavens, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independent causes to admit,
 Destroys religion, and debases wit ;
 The first by such an anarchy undone,
 The last acknowledges its source but one.
 As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
 That wind irriguous thro' the flowery lawn ;
 So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
 Exploring, till they find their native deep !
 Exalted power ! invifible, fupreme,
 Thou fovereign fole unutterable name !
 As round thy throne thy flaming feraphs ftand,
 And as they touch the lyre with trembling hand,
 Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
 With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold :
 Tranfported with the ardors of thy praife,
 The holy ! holy ! holy ! anthem raife !
 To them, responsive, let creation fing,
 Thee, indivifible eternal king !

III. SPIRITUALITY.

O fay, celestial mufe ! whole purer birth,
 Difdains the low material ties of earth !
 By what bright images fhall be defin'd
 The myftic nature of th' eternal mind ?
 Or how fhall thought the dazzling height explore,
 Where all that reafon can — is to adore !

That

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
 Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
 Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
 In good pre-eminent, in truth severe:
 Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his powers,
 From all the gross alloy which tempers ours;
 In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
 Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
 Impervious to the man's—or seraph's eye,
 Beyond the ken of each, exalted high!
 Him would in vain material semblance feign,
 Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
 Object of faith!—he shuns the view of sense,
 Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
 Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
 In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
 In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
 Whose form is spirit! and whose essence, thought!
 Are truths inscrib'd by wisdom's brightest ray,
 In characters that gild the face of day!
 Reason confess'd, (howe'er we may dispute)
 Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
 But dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
 Depress'd in matter. and allied to clay!
 In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
 Whose dress is æther, and whose substance mind;
 Yet all from him, supreme of causes, flow,
 To him their powers and their existence owe;
From

Lodg'd in his view, their certain ways they know;
 Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
 On earth his footstool fix'd, in heaven his seat;
 Enthron'd he dictates — and his word is fate.

- Nor want his shining images below,
 In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
 His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
 Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood;
 Warms in the genial sun's enlivening ray,
 Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day;
 Steals on our footsteps wherefoe'er we go,
 And yields the purest joys we taste below.
 Should man his great immensity deny,
 Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
 For were he limited in date, or view,
 Thence were his attributes imperfect too;
 His knowledge, power, his goodness, all confin'd,
 And lost the notion of a ruling mind:
 Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense,
 Of a defective partial providence:
 Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
 Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
 Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye,
 And deep distress pour out the heartless sigh;
 An absent God no abler to defend,
 Protect, or punish, than an absent friend;
 Distant alike our wants or griefs to know,
 To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow;

If

If he, supreme director, were not near,
 Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
 Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
 And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
 The moral world a second chaos turn,
 And nature for her great supporter mourn!
 Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
 From his high power its slender texture takes;
 While in his book the various parts inroll'd
 Increasing, own eternal wisdom's mould.
 Nor views he only the material whole,
 But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul!
 Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
 Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart,
 His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
 Ere yet to us the new idea lives:
 Knows what we say—ere yet the words proceed,
 And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed.
 But conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
 Asserts its author, and restores the scene;
 Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
 “ And vindicates the ways of God to man.”
 Then sacred muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
 From heaven descended, as by heaven inspir'd;
 His all-enlightening omnipresence own,
 Whence first thou feel'st thy dwindling presence
 His wideomniscience, justly grateful, sing, [known;
 Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!

And blefs th' eternal, all-informing foul,
Whose fight pervades, whose knowledge fills the
whole.

V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the eternal and omniscient mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confefs'd immutability !
Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force, — is imperfection still.
But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
Power self-deriv'd, for from himself he reigns !
If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose,
That God his fix'd stability should lose ;
How startles reason at a thought so strange !
What power can force omnipotence to change ?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were the yet stranger alteration wrought ;
Could excellence supreme new rays acquire ?
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher ?
Absurd ! — his high meridian brightness glows,
Never decreases, never overflows !
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The sacred blaze of inexhaustible day !
Below, thro' different forms does matter range,
And life subsists from elemental change,

Liquids

Liquids condensing, shapes terrestrial wear,
 Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
 While we, enquiring phantoms of a day,
 Inconstant as the shadows we survey,
 With them, along time's rapid current pass,
 And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
 But thou, eternal Lord of life divine!
 In youth immortal shalt for ever shine!
 No change shall darken thy exalted name,
 From everlasting ages still the same.
 If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
 His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
 Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,
 Religion deaden to a lifeless thing:
 Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
 But in a power immutable as just?
 How judge of revelation's force divine,
 If truth unerring gave not the design;
 Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
 All smiles benevolent and good to man.
 Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
 Darkly we see around, and darkly know!
 Religion lends the salutary beam,
 That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam;
 Till sounds the hour!—when he who rules the skies,
 Shall bid the curtain of omniscience rise!
 Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
 And show his creatures—all his ways are right!

Then, when astonish'd nature feels its fate,
 And fetter'd time shall know its latest date !
 When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
 Heaven melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire
 The universal system shrink away,
 And ceasing orbs confess th' almighty sway :
 Immortal he, amidst the wreck secure,
 Shall sit exalted, permanently pure !
 As in the sacred bush, shall shine the same,
 And from the ruin raise a fairer frame.

VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence, ye visionary charming maids,
 Ye fancied nymphs that haunt the Grecian shade
 Your birth, who from conceiving fiction drew,
 Your selves producing phantoms as untrue ;
 But come, superior muse ! divinely bright,
 Daughter of heaven, whose offspring still are light
 O condescend, celestial sacred guest,
 To purge my sight, and consecrate my breast ;
 While I presume omnipotence to trace,
 And sing that power, who peopled boundless space.
 Thou present wert, when forth th' Almighty rode
 While chaos trembled at the voice of God :
 Thou saw'st, when o'er th' immense his line he drew
 When nothing from his word existence knew :

His word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
 While conscious light was kindled at the found :
 Creation fair surpriz'd th' angelic eyes,
 And sovereign wisdom saw that all was wise :
 Him, sole almighty nature's book displays,
 Distinct the page, and legible the rays :
 Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
 To the broad horizon, or earth below ;
 He finds thy soft impression touch his breast,
 He feels the God,—and owns him unconfess'd :
 Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
 In Lybia's waste behold a palace rise,
 Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought ?
 Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought.
 What hand, almighty architect ! but thine,
 Could give the model of this vast design ?
 What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole ?
 And bid consenting systems beauteous roll :
 What hand but thine supply the solar light ?
 For ever wasting, yet for ever bright :
 What hand but thine the azure convex spread ?
 What hand but thine trace out the ocean's bed ?
 To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
 And with that feeble curb restrain the foe ?
 What hand but thine the wintry flood assuage,
 Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage ?
 Thee infinite ! what finite can explore ?
 Imagination sinks beneath thy power ;

Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
 Lost were thy unity, for he were Thou ;
 Yet present to all sense thy power remains,
 Reveal'd in nature, nature's author reigns :
 In vain would error from conviction fly,
 Thou every where art present to the eye :
 The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
 That fails this universal truth to find ?
 Go !—all the fightless realms of space survey,
 Returning, trace the planetary way ;
 The sun, that in his central glory shines,
 While every planet round his orb inclines ;
 Then at our intermediate globe repose,
 And view yon lunar satellite that glows !
 Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,
 When golden day enlightens all the sky ;
 Around behold earth's variegated scene,
 The mingling prospects, and the flowery green ;
 The mountain's brow, the long extended wood,
 Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood ;
 And say, are these the wild effects of chance ?
 Oh strange effect of reasoning ignorance !
 Nor power alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
 The glittering planet, or the painted skies ;
 Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dress,
 The wisdom of omnipotence confess ;
 Equal, the cumb'rous whale's enormous mass,
 With the small insect in the crowded grass ;

The

The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
 In shape a porpus, tho' a speck to thee !
 Even the blue down the purple plum surrounds,
 A living world, thy failing fight confounds !
 To him a peopled habitation shows,
 Where millions taste the bounty God bestows !
 Great lord of life, whose all-controlling might
 Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright ;
 Nor only does thy power in forming shine,
 But to annihilate, dread king ! is thine.
 Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
 How languid nature would astonish'd stand !
 Thy frown night's antient empire would restore,
 And raise a blank — where systems smil'd before.
 See in corruption, all-surprising state,
 How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate ;
 Shock'd at the scene, tho' sense averts its eye,
 Nor stops the wonderous process to descry ;
 Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
 And with delight almighty wisdom views ;
 The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
 Sees life subsisting even from life's decays :
 Mark there, self-taught, the pensile reptile come,
 Spin his thin shroud, and living build his tomb !
 With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
 And dress him for the business of the grave :
 Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd he
 springs,
 Admires the skies, and tries his painted wings :

With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
 And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod.
 Thee, potent, let deliver'd Israel praise,
 And to thy name their grateful homage raise :
 Thee, potent God ! let Egypt's land declare,
 Which felt thy justice, awfully severe :
 How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land ?
 Nature revers'd, how own thy high command ?
 When jarring elements their use forgot,
 And the sun felt thy overcasting blot :
 When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
 And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood :
 How deep the horrors of that awful night !
 How strong the terror, and how wild the fright !
 When o'er the land thy sword vindictive past,
 And men and infants breath'd at once their last !
 How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey,
 Thy light, conducting, point th' amazing way !
 Obedient ocean to their march divide,
 The watery wall distinct on either side ;
 While thro' the deep the long procession led,
 And saw the wonders of the oozy bed !
 Nor long they march'd, till blackening in the rear,
 The vengeful tyrant and his host appear ;
 Plunge down the deep, — the waves thy nod obey,
 And whelm the threatening storm beneath the sea.
 Nor yet thy power thy chosen train forfook,
 When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took ;

By

By day thy cloud was present to the fight,
 Thy fiery pillar led the march by night ;
 Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
 With feather'd viands, and with heavenly bread :
 When the dry wilderness no streams supplied,
 Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide :
 What limits can omnipotence confine !
 What obstacles restrain thy arm divine !
 Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
 Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow ?
 On Sinai's top the muse, with ardent wing,
 The triumphs of omnipotence would sing,
 When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
 Involv'd the nations in its awful shade :
 When gloomy darkness fill'd its midmost space,
 And the rock trembled to its rooted base ;
 Yet there thy majesty divine appear'd,
 There shone thy glory, and thy voice was heard ;
 Even in the blaze of that tremendous day,
 Idolatry its impious rites could pay :
 Oh shame to thought !— Thy sacred throne invade,
 And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head.

VII. WISDOM.

O thou, who when th' Almighty form'd this all,
 Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each ballanc'd ball ;

And

And as his hand compleated each design,
 Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine ;
 O wisdom infinite ! creation's soul,
 Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole ;
 What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known ?
 What hand, fair Goddess ! paint thee but thy own ?
 What tho' in nature's universal store,
 Appear the wonders of almighty power ?
 Power unattended, terror would inspire,
 Aw'd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
 But when fair wisdom joins in the design,
 The beauty of the whole result's divine.
 Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
 And matter owns its great disposer's laws ;
 Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
 Now fix'd to quiet, now allied to thought ;
 Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
 Hence rises harmony, and order springs,
 Else had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
 Nor ever felt the dawn of wisdom's day.
 See, how associate round their central sun,
 Their faithful rings the circling planets run ;
 Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
 Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
 Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
 While from the sun her monthly light renews ;
 Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
 And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.

View

View how in course the constant seasons rise,
 Deform the earth, or beautify the skies :
 First spring advancing, with her flowery train,
 Next summer's hand that spreads the sylvan scene,
 Then autumn with her yellow harvests crown'd,
 And trembling winter close the annual round.
 The vegetable tribes observant trace,
 From the tall cedar to the creeping grafs :
 The chain of animated beings scale,
 From the small reptile to th' enormous whale ;
 From the strong eagle stooping from the skies,
 To the low insect that escapes thy eyes :
 And see, if see thou can'st, in every frame,
 Eternal wisdom shine confess'd the same :
 As proper organs to the least assign'd,
 As proper means to propagate their kind ;
 As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
 As in this lord of all—debating man !
 Hence, reasoning creature, thy distinction find,
 Nor longer to the ways of heaven be blind.
 Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
 But outward beauty points a charm behind.
 What gives the earth, the ambient air or seas,
 The plain, the river, or the wood to please ?
 Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
 The beautifier, or the beautified ?
 There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
 Beyond the ken of all created eyes :

His

His works our love, and our attention steal,
 His works (surprising thought!) the maker veil;
 Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud,
 Where wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd!
 O gracious God! omnipotent and wise,
 Unerring Lord, and ruler of the skies;
 All condescending, to my feeble heart
 One beam of thy celestial light impart;
 I seek not sordid wealth, or glittering power,
 O grant me wisdom—and I ask no more.

VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
 With towns replete, with green inclosures bound,
 Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
 But gets a transient vista as it strays:
 The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
 Whence opens all the scene as he ascends:
 So providence the friendly point supplies,
 Where all the charms of Deity surprize;
 Here goodness, power, and wisdom, all unite,
 And dazzling glories whelm the ravish'd sight.
 Almighty cause! 'tis thy preserving care,
 That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair:
 The sun, from thy superior radiance bright,
 Eternal sheds his delegated light,

Lend

Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
 And paints the silver moon's alternate ray;
 Thy hand the waste of eating time renews,
 Thou shed'st the tepid morning's balmy dews;
 When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
 Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
 Bids at thy will the slackening tempest cease,
 While the calm'd ocean smooths its ruffled face;
 When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
 Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
 Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke,
 Thy word the fatal edict can revoke;
 When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
 And towns are buried in one common grave;
 Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail,
 Thy sovereign touch the recent wound can heal.
 To Zembla's rocks thou send'st the cheerful gleam,
 O'er Lybia's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
 Thy watchful providence o'er all intends,
 Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.
 And all the ills we feel — or bliss we share,
 Are tokens of a heavenly Father's care.
 When man too long the paths of vice pursued,
 Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
 Gracious, to Noah gave the timely sign,
 To save a remnant from the wrath divine:
 One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
 And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;

Thou

Thou bad'st the deep his antient bed explore,
 The clouds their watery deluge pour'd no more :
 The skies were clear'd, — the mountain-tops were
 The dove pacific brought the olive green. [seen,
 On Ararat the happy patriarch toft,
 Found the recover'd world his hopes had loft ;
 There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
 The earth all verdant, and the air ferene ;
 Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
 While Noah grateful adoration paid :
 Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow,
 The promise of a fafer world below.
 When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
 And rifing Babel heaven with pride survey'd ;
 Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
 And leave the mafs to moulder with the ground.
 From the mad toil, while focial order fprung
 A peopled world — diftinct by many a tongue.
 From thee all human actions take their fprings,
 The rife of empires, and the fall of kings :
 See the vaft theatre of time display'd,
 While o'er the fcene fucceeding heroes tread :
 With pomp the fhining images fucceed,
 What leaders triumph ; and what monarchs bleed ;
 Perform the parts thy providence affign'd,
 Their pride, their paffions, to thy ends inclin'd :
 A while they glitter in the face of day,
 Then at thy nod the phantoms pafs away ;

No

No traces left of all the busy scene,
 But that remembrance says,—The things have been !
 While learning thro' the gloom benighted strays,
 And the dim objects vanish as we gaze !

“ But (questions doubt) whence sickly nature feels

“ The ague-fits her face so oft reveals ? [breast ?

“ Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd

“ Whence tempests rage ? or yellow plagues infest ?

“ Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd stores ?

“ Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pours ?”

Go, sceptic mole ! demand th' eternal cause,

The secret of his all-preserving laws ?

The depths of wisdom infinite explore,

And ask thy Maker ?—why thou knowst no more ?

Thy error's still in mortal things as great,

As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.

To ask why prosperous vice so oft succeeds,

Why suffers innocence, or virtue bleeds !

Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,

By crimes grow powerful, and disgrace a throne !

Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,

Perish, the victims of tyrannic rage !

Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,

While Nero reign'd, the delegate of hell !

In vain by reason is the maze pursu'd,

Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.

Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim

To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame ;

As we direct to God what should belong,
 Or say that sovereign wisdom governs wrong.
 Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
 Nor virtue unrewarded pass below !
 Oft sacred justice lifts her awful head,
 And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead ;
 Oft providence, more friendly than severe,
 Arrests the hero in his wild career ;
 Directs the fever, poinard, or the ball,
 By which an Amnon, Charles, or Cæsar fall :
 Or when the cursed Borgias * brew the cup
 For merit,—bids the monsters drink it up ;
 On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
 Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare ;
 Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
 And lays the proud oppressor in the dust !
 But fast as time's swift pinions can convey,
 Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
 When to the view of all created eyes,
 God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
 When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
 The dead, reviving at the piercing sound !
 Where men and angels shall to audit come,
 And millions yet unborn receive their doom !

* Pope Alexander VI. and his son, Cæsar Borgia.
 Mr. Gordon's History.

Then shall fair providence, to all display'd,
 Appear divinely bright without a shade ;
 In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
 And blushing doubt eternal wisdom own !
 Mean while, thou great intelligence supreme,
 Sovereign director of this mighty frame,
 Whose watchful hand, and all-observing ken,
 Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
 Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
 Or measure sparingly the daily bread ;
 Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
 Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain ;
 On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
 Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye !
 Know that thy providence, their constant friend,
 Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend ;
 With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
 And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. GOODNESS.

Ye Seraphs who God's throne encircling still,
 With holy zeal your golden censers fill ;
 Ye flaming ministers to distant lands
 Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands ;
 Ye Cherubs, who compose the sacred choir,
 Attuning to your voice th' angelic lyre !

Or ye, fair natives of the heavenly plain,
 Who once were mortal—now a happy train !
 Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
 In blissful meads and amaranthine bowers,
 Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire !
 Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire !
 And aid the muse's unexperienc'd wing,
 While goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing !

Tho' all thy attributes divinely fair,
 Thy full perfection, glorious God ! declare ;
 Yet if one beam's superior to the rest,
 Oh let thy goodness fairest be confess'd !
 As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
 As breathes the rose amongst the flowery scene,
 As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
 So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.
 This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand
 When formless chaos heard thy high command ;
 When pleas'd, thine eye thy matchless works review'd,
 And goodness, placid, spoke that all was good !
 Nor only does in heaven thy goodness shine,
 Delighted nature feels its warmth divine ;
 The vital sun's illuminating beam,
 The silver crescent, and the starry gleam ;
 As day and night alternate they command,
 Proclaim this truth to every distant land.
 See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
 Confess thy bounty and parental care ;

Renew'd

Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
 And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
 The generous lion and the brindled boar,
 As nightly thro' the forest walks they roar,
 From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey,
 Nor from thy hand unsed depart away :
 To thee, for meat the callow ravens cry,
 Supported by thy all-preserving eye :
 From thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,
 Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
 Receive, with constant course, th' appointed food,
 And taste the cup of universal good ;
 Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live ;
 Thou frown'st, they faint ;—thou smilest ; and they
 On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores, [revive !
 See heaven impartial deal the fruitful showers !
 " Life's common blessings all her children share,"
 Tread the same earth, and breathe a general air !
 Without distinction, boundless blessings fall,
 And goodness, like the sun, enlightens all !
 Oh man, degenerate man ! offend no more !
 Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore !
 Shall these, thro' every tribe, his bounty own,
 Of all his works, ungrateful thou alone !
 Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
 And blind, when sovereign goodness charms the eyes !
 Mark, even the wretch his awful name blasphemes,
 His pity spares,—his clemency reclaims !

Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
 And bid the criminal repent and live ;
 Recal the fugitive with gracious eye,
 Beseech the obstinate, he would not die !
 Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
 The soul on whom such mercy should be lost !
 But would’st thou view the rays of goodness join
 In one strong point of radiance all divine !
 Behold, celestial muse ! yon eastern light ;
 To Beth’lem’s plain, adoring, bend thy sight !
 Hear the glad message to the shepherds given,
 “ Good-will on earth to man, and peace in heaven.”
 Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
 And hail to earth the Saviour and the God !
 Redemption ! oh thou beauteous mystic plan !
 Thou salutary source of life to man !
 What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace !
 What thought thy depths unfathomable trace !
 When lost in sin our ruin’d nature lay,
 When awful justice claim’d her righteous pay !
 See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
 And stop the lightning just prepar’d to fly !
 (O strange effect of unexampled love !)
 View him descend the heavenly throne above ;
 Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,
 Calm, tho’ revil’d, and innocent, tho’ poor !
 Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
 His life one fair continued scene of good :

For

For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
 The victim of eternal justice bleed !
 Look, to the cross the Lord of life is tied,
 They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side !
 See, God expires ! our forfeit to atone,
 While nature trembles at his parting groan !
 Advance, thou hopeless mortal, steel'd in guilt,
 Behold, and if thou can'st, forbear to melt !
 Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
 And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain ?
 Wilt thou refuse thy kind assent to give,
 When breathless he looks down to bid thee live !
 Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good
 Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood !
 Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
 Reheal thy nature, and confirm thy peace !
 Can all the errors of thy life atone,
 And raise thee from a rebel—to a son !
 O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
 Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won !
 When, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
 (Chain'd to thy car the powers infernal led)
 From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
 Look down on those who bear thy sacred name ;
 Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace
 Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace ;
 Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
 And by their morals prove their faith divine.

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray,
 O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
 Fair sun of righteousness! in beauty rise,
 And clear the mists that cloud the heathen skies!
 To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
 Thou great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
 O'er earth as wide, thy saving warmth diffuse,
 As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews,
 And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy power,
 Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

X. RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
 The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain;
 Ye worms of power! ye minion'd slaves of state,
 The giddy vulgar, and the sordid great!
 But come ye purer souls from dross refin'd,
 The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
 Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
 Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze:
 Your grateful voices aid the muse to sing,
 The spotless justice of th' almighty king!
 As only rectitude divine he knows,
 As truth and sanctity his thought compose;
 So these the dictates which th' eternal mind,
 To reasonable beings has assign'd;

Thes

These has his care on every mind impress'd ;
 The conscious seals the hand of heaven attest !
 When man perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
 He still attentive keeps the fault in sight ;
 Demands that strict atonement should be made,
 And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head !
 But Doubt demands,—“ why man dispos'd this way ?
 “ Why left the dangerous choice to go astray ?
 “ If heaven that made him did the fault foresee,
 “ Thence follows, heaven is more to blame than he.”
 No:—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
 What toil, what prize had virtue been assign'd ?
 From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
 Her spirits languish, when she finds no foe !
 Man might perhaps have been so happy still,
 Happy, without the privilege of will,
 And just because his hands were tied from ill ! }
 O wonderous scheme to mend th' almighty plan,
 By sinking all the dignity of man !
 Yet turn thine eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
 And view thy happiness and choice allied ;
 See virtue from herself her bliss derive,
 A bliss, beyond the power of thrones to give ;
 See vice of empire and of wealth possess'd,
 Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd.
 And say, were yet no farther marks assign'd,
 Is man ungrateful ? or is heaven unkind ?

“ Yes,

" Yes, all the woes from heaven permissive fall,
 " The wretch adopts,—the wretch improves the
 From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed, [all
 Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed ;
 His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
 Or from his avarice famine takes her birth ;
 Had nature given the hero wings to fly,
 His pride would lead him to attempt the sky !
 To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
 And draw ev'n pity from th' eternal throne.
 Yet while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
 Celestial justice balances her scales ;
 With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys,
 With hand impartial every crime she weighs ;
 Oft, close pursuing at his trembling heels,
 The man of blood her awful presence feels ;
 Oft, from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
 The regal tyrant, with success elate,
 Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate !
 Or, if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
 'Tis but to make the future stroke severe ;
 For soon or late, eternal justice pays
 Mankind the just desert of all their ways.
 'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day,
 When high omniscience shall her books display ;
 When justice shall present her strict account,
 While conscience shall attest the due amount ;

That all who feel, condemn'd, the dreadful rod,
 Shall own, that righteous are the ways of God !
 Oh then, while penitence can fate disarm,
 While lingering justice yet with-holds its arm,
 While heavenly patience grants the precious time,
 Let the lost sinner recollect his crime !
 Immediate to the seat of mercy fly,
 Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die !
 But tremble, all ye sons of blackest birth,
 Ye giants that deform the face of earth ;
 Tremble ye sons of aggravated guilt,
 And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt ;
 Remorseless Murder ! drop thy hand severe,
 And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear ;
 Go, Lust impure ! converse with friendly light,
 And quit the mansions of defiling night ;
 Drop, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
 Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies !
 Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
 And bid the useful treasure learn to flow ;
 Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain !
 Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
 Ere awful justice strike the fatal blow,
 And drive you to the realms of night below !
 But Doubt resumes, " If justice has decreed
 " The punishment proportion'd to the deed ;
 " Eternal misery seems too severe,
 " Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear !
 " Too

“ Too harsh!—that endless torments should repay
 “ The crimes of life,—the errors of a day ! ”
 In vain our reason would presumptuous pry ;
 God’s counsels are beyond conception high :
 In vain would thought his measur’d justice scan ;
 His ways ! how different from the ways of man !
 Too deep for thee his secrets are to know,
 Enquire not, but more wisely shun the woe ;
 Warn’d by his threatenings, to his laws attend,
 And learn to make omnipotence thy friend !
 Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos’d ends,
 Oft pass the bounds the law-giver intends :
 Oft partial power, to serve its own design,
 Warps from the text, exceeding reason’s line ;
 Strikes, bias’d, at the person, not the deed,
 And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed !
 But God alone, with unimpassion’d fight,
 Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right ;
 And while, subservient, as his will ordains,
 Obedient nature yields the present means ;
 While neither force nor passions guide his views,
 Ev’n evil works the purpose he pursues !
 That bitter spring, the source of human pain,
 Heal’d by his touch does mineral health contain ;
 And dark affliction quits its fearful shroud
 At his command, and brightens into good.
 Thus human justice—(far as man can go)
 For private safety strikes the dubious blow ;

But

But rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
 Consults each individual in the whole!
 Directs the issues of the mortal strife,
 And sees creation struggle into life!
 And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
 Observant walk, and sing his daily praise!
 Ye righteous few! whole calm unruffled breasts,
 No fears can darken, and no guilt infests;
 To whom his gracious promises extend,
 In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
 Which (blest on that foundation sure who build)
 Shall with eternal justice be fulfill'd:
 Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is given
 The bright reversion of approaching heaven,
 With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
 Whose love from darkness call'd you out to light;
 So let your piety reflective shine,
 As men may thence confess his truth divine!
 And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
 Shall drop, returning to its native dust;
 The work of life, with approbation done,
 Receive from God your bright immortal crown!

IX. G L O R Y.

But, oh adventurous muse, restrain thy flight,
 Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!

His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
 Who in the vast abyss your revels keep !
 Before whose glorious throne, with dread surprise,
 Th' adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes ;
 Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
 No colours can describe, or words express !
 All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
 Which o'er thy works thine hand resplendent pours :
 Feeble thy brighter glories to display,
 Pale as the moon before the solar ray !
 See on his throne the Hebrew monarch plac'd,
 In all the pomp of the luxuriant east !
 While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
 And the rich purple waves, emboss'd with gold ;
 Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
 To the fair lilly that adorns the field !
 Obscur'd, behold that fainter lilly lies,
 By the rich bird's * inimitable dies ;
 Yet these survey, confounded and undone
 By the superior lustre of the sun ;
 That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
 From thee, the glorious author of his frame !
 Transcendent power ! sole arbiter of fate !
 How great thy glory ! and thy bliss how great !
 To view from thine exalted throne above,
 (Eternal source of light, and life, and love !)

* The Bird of Paradise, seen in the Spice Islands.

Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
 To bless the heavens, or beautify the earth;
 While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
 And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew!
 Then raise the song, the general anthem raise,
 And swell the concert of eternal praise!
 Assist ye orbs that form this boundless whole,
 Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
 Ye planets, who compose our lesser scheme,
 And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
 Thou eye of nature, whose extensive ray,
 With endless charms adorns the face of day!
 Consenting raise th' harmonious joyful sound,
 And bear his praises thro' the vast profound:
 His praise, ye winds, that fan the cheerful air,
 Swift as ye pass along your pinions bear!
 His praise let ocean thro' her realms display,
 Far as her circling billows can convey!
 His praise, ye misty vapours, wide diffuse,
 In rains descending, or in milder dews!
 His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
 As your tops rustle to the vocal breeze!
 His praise around, ye flowery tribes exhale,
 Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
 His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
 As pleas'd ye murmur thro' the flowery vale!
 His praise, ye feather'd choirs, distinguish'd sing,
 As to your notes the tuneful forests ring!

Or ye, fair natives of our earthly scene,
 Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green !
 Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear,
 The universal hymn of worship hear !
 But ardent, in the sacred chorus join,
 Thy soul transported with the task divine !
 While by his works th' almighty is confess'd,
 Supremely glorious, and supremely blest !
 Great lord of life ! from whom this humble frame
 Derives the power to sing thy holy name,
 Forgive the lowly muse, whose artless lay,
 Has dar'd thy sacred attributes survey !
 Delighted oft thro' nature's beauteous field
 Has she ador'd thy wisdom bright reveal'd ;
 Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
 But awful reverence still withheld her tongue :
 Yet as thy bounty lent the reasoning beam,
 As feels my conscious breast thy vital flame ;
 So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
 His mite of gratitude this feeble way,
 Thy goodness own, thy providence adore !
 He yields thee only—what was thine before.

A SOLILOQUY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

BY THE REV. MR. MOORE, OF CORNWALL.

Struck with religious awe, and solemn dread,
 I view these gloomy mansions of the dead;
 Around me tombs in mix'd disorder rise,
 And in mute language teach me to be wise.
 Time was, these ashes liv'd—a time must be
 When others thus shall stand—and look at me;
 Alarming thought! no wonder 'tis we dread
 O'er these uncomfortable vaults to tread;
 Where blended lie the aged and the young,
 The rich and poor, an undistinguish'd throng:
 Death conquers all, and time's subduing hand
 Nor tombs, nor marble-statues can withstand.
 Mark yonder ashes in confusion spread!
 Compare earth's living tenants with her dead!
 How striking the resemblance, yet how just!
 Once life and soul informed this mass of dust;
 Around these bones, now broken and decay'd,
 The streams of life in various channels play'd:
 Perhaps that skull, so horrible to view!
 Was some fair maid's, ye belles, as fair as you;

These hollow sockets two bright orbs contain'd,
 Where the loves sported, and in triumph reign'd;
 Here glow'd the lips; there white, as Parian stone,
 The teeth dispos'd in beauteous order shone.

This is life's goal—no farther can we view,
 Beyond it, all is wonderful and new:

O deign, some courteous ghost! to let us know
 What we must shortly be, and you are now!

Sometimes you warn us of approaching fate;

Why hide the knowledge of your present state?

With joy behold us tremblingly explore

Th' unknown gulph, that you can fear no more?

The grave has eloquence—its lectures teach

In silence, louder than divines can preach;

Hear what it says—ye sons of folly hear!

It speaks to you—O give it then your ear!

It bids you lay all vanity aside,

O what a lecture this for human pride! [sound!]

The clock strikes twelve—how solemn is the

Hark, how the strokes from hollow vaults rebound!

They bid us hasten to be wise, and show,

How rapid in their course the minutes flow.

See yonder yew—how high it lifts its head!

Around, the gloomy shade their branches spread!

Old and decay'd it still retains a grace,

And adds more solemn horror to the place.

Whose tomb is this? it says, 'tis Myra's tomb,

Pluck'd from the world in beauty's fairest bloom,

Attend

Attend ye fair! ye thoughtless, and ye gay!
 For Myra dy'd upon her nuptial day! [arms,
 The grave, cold bridegroom! clasp'd her in its
 And the worm rioted upon her charms.
 In yonder tomb the old Avaro lies;
 Once he was rich — the world esteemed him wise:
 Schemes unaccomplish'd labour'd in his mind,
 And all his thoughts were to the world confin'd;
 Death came unlook'd for — from his grasping hands
 Down dropt his bags, and mortgages of lands.
 Beneath that sculptur'd pompous marble-stone,
 Lies youthful Florio, aged twenty-one;
 Cropt like a flower, he wither'd in his bloom,
 Tho' flatt'ring life had promis'd years to come:
 Ye filken sons! ye Florios of the age,
 Who tread in giddy maze life's flowery stage!
 Mark here the end of man, in Florio see
 What you, and all the sons of earth shall be!
 There low in dust the vain Hortensio lies,
 Whose splendour once we view'd with envious eyes:
 Titles and arms his pompous marble grace,
 With a long history of his noble race:
 Still after death his vanity survives,
 And on his tomb all of Hortensio lives.
 Around me as I turn my wandering eyes,
 Unnumber'd graves in awful prospect rise,
 Whose stones say only when their owners dy'd,
 If young, or aged, and to whom ally'd.

On others pompous epitaphs are spread
 In memory of the virtues of the dead :
 Vain waste of praise ! since, flattering or sincere,
 The judgment-day alone will make appear.
 How silent is this little spot of ground !
 How melancholy looks each object round !
 Here man dissolv'd in shatter'd ruin lies
 So fast asleep—as if no more to rise ;
 'Tis strange to think how these dead bones can live
 Leap into form, and with new heat revive !
 Or how this trodden earth to life shall wake,
 Know its own place, its former figure take !
 But whence these fears ? when the last trumpet sound
 Thro' heaven's expanse to earth's remotest bound
 The dead shall quit these tenements of clay,
 And view again the long extinguish'd day :
 It must be so—the same Almighty power
 From dust who form'd us, can from dust restore,
 Cheer'd with this pleasing hope, I safely trust
 Jehovah's power to raise me from the dust,
 On his unfailing promises rely,
 And all the horrors of the grave defy.

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION. A SONG.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOE.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, or hill, or field,
Or wood, or steepy mountain yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown, made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

Thy filver dishes for thy meat,
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall, on an ivory table, be
 Prepar'd each day for thee and me.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May-morning :
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

THE NYMPH'S ANSWER.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

IF all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
 And Philomel becometh dumb,
 The rest complain of cares to come,

The flowers that bloom in wanton field
 To wayward winter reckoning yield ;
 A honey-tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
 All these in me no mind can move
 To come to thee, and be thy love.

What should we talk of dainties then,
Of better meat than's fit for men ?
These are but vain ; that's only good
Which God hath blest, and sent for food.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joy no date, and age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

A P O E M.

BY SIR W. RALEIGH.

Shall I, like an hermit, dwell
 On a rock, or in a cell,
 Calling home the smallest part
 That is missing of my heart,
 To bestow it, where I may
 Meet a rival every day ?
 If she undervalues me,
 What care I how fair she be ?

Were her tresses angel gold ;
 If a stranger may be bold,
 Unrebuked, unafraid,
 To convert them to a brayde,
 And, with little more a-do,
 Work them into bracelets too ;
 If the mine be grown so free,
 What care I how rich it be ?

Were her hands as rich a prize
 As her hairs, or precious eyes ;
 If she lay them out to take
 Kisses for good-manners sake ;

And

And let every lover skip
From her hand unto her lip ;
If she seem not chaste to me,
What care I how chaste she be ?

No ; she must be perfect snow,
In effect as well as show,
Warming but as snow-balls do,
Not like fire by burning too ;
But when she, by change, hath got
To her heart a second lot ;
Then, if others share with me,
Farewell her, whate'er she be.

IN IMITATION OF MARLOE.

Come live with me, and be my dear,
 And we will revel all the year,
 In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
 Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.
 There shall you have the beauteous pine,
 The cedar, and the spreading vine,
 And all the woods to be a screen,
 Lest Phoebus kiss my summer's green.
 The seat of your disport shall be
 Over some river in a tree,
 Where silver sands and pebbles sing
 Eternal ditties to the spring.
 There shall you see the Nymphs at play,
 And how the Satyrs spend the day;
 The fishes gliding on the sands,
 Offering their bellies to your hands.
 The birds, with heavenly-tuned throats,
 Possess wood's echo with sweet notes,
 Which to your senses will impart
 A music to enflame the heart.
 Upon the bare and leafless oak,
 The ring-dove's wooings will provoke
 A colder blood than you possess
 To play with me, and do no less.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
 We will outwear the silent night,
 While Flora busy is to spread
 Her richest treasure on our bed.
 Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
 And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
 All to adorn and beautify
 Your lodging with more majesty.
 Then in my arms will I enclose
 Lillies fair mixture with the rose ;
 Whose nice perfections in Love's play
 Shall tune me to the highest key.
 Thus as we pass the welcome night,
 In sportful pleasure and delight,
 The nimble Fairies on the grounds
 Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.
 If these may serve for to entice
 Your presence to Love's Paradise,
 Then come with me, and be my dear,
 And we will straight begin the year.

AMARYLLIS:

A M A R Y L L I S :

OR THE THIRD IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TRANSLATED BY F. F.

TO Amaryllis, lovely nymph, I speed,
 Mean-while my goats along the mountain feed:
 O Tityrus, tend them with assiduous care,
 Lead them to crystal springs, and pastures fair,
 And of the ridgil's butting horns beware. }
 Sweet Amaryllis, have you then forgot
 Our secret pleasures in the conscious grot?
 Where in my folding arms you lay reclin'd;
 Blest was the shepherd, for the nymph was kind.
 I whom you call'd your Dear, your Love so late,
 Say, am I now the object of your hate?
 Say, is my form displeasing to your sight? —
 This cruel love will surely kill me quite.
 Lo! ten large apples, tempting to the view,
 Pluck'd from your favourite tree, where late they
 Accept this boon, 'tis all my present store; [grew.
 To-morrow will produce as many more.
 Mean-while these heart-consuming pains remove,
 And give me gentle pity for my love.
 Oh was I made, by some transforming power,
 A bee to buzz in your sequester'd bower!

To

To pierce your ivy shade with murmuring sound,
 And the light leaves that compass you around.
 I know thee, Love, and to my sorrow find,
 A god thou art, but of the savage kind ;
 A lioness sure suckled the fell child,
 And with his brother-whelps maintain'd him in the
 On me his scorching flames incessant prey, [wild ;
 Glow in my bones, and melt my soul away.
 Ah nymph ! whose eyes destructive glances dart,
 Fair is your face, but flinty is your heart :
 With kisses kind this rage of love appease !
 For me, fond swain ! even empty kisses please.
 Your scorn distracts me, and will make me tear
 The flowery crown I wove for you to wear,
 Where roses mingle with the ivy-wreath,
 And fragrant herbs ambrosial odours breathe.
 Ah me ! what pangs I feel ! and yet the fair
 Nor sees my sorrows, nor will hear my prayer.
 I'll doff my garments, since I needs must die,
 And from yon rock, that points its summit high, }
 Where patient Olpis snares the finny fry,
 I'll leap ; and tho' perchance I rise again,
 You'll laugh to see me plunging in the main.
 By a prophetic poppy-leaf I found
 Your chang'd affection, for it gave no sound,
 Tho' in my hand struck hollow as it lay,
 But quickly wither'd, like your love, away.

An old witch brought sad tidings to my ears,
 She who tells fortunes with the sieve and sheers ;
 For, leasing barley in my fields of late,
 She told me, I should love, and you should hate !
 For you my care a milk-white goat supplied,
 Two wanton kids run frisking at her side ;
 Which oft the nut-brown maid, Erithacis,
 Has begg'd, and paid before-hand with a kiss ;
 And since you thus my ardent passion slight,
 Her's they shall be before to-morrow night.
 My right eye itches ; may it lucky prove,
 Perhaps I soon shall see the nymph I love ;
 Beneath yon pine I'll sing distinct and clear,
 Perhaps the fair my tender notes may hear ;
 Perhaps may pity my melodious moan —
 She is not metamorphos'd into stone.
 Hippomenes, provok'd by noble strife,
 To win a mistress, or to lose his life,
 Threw golden fruit in Atalanta's way,
 The bright temptation caus'd the nymph to stay ;
 She look'd, she languish'd, all her soul took fire,
 She plung'd into the gulph of deep desire.
 To Pyle from Othrys sage Melampus came,
 He drove the lowing herd, yet won the dame ;
 Fair Pero blest his brother Bias' arms,
 And in a virtuous race diffus'd her charms.
 Adonis fed his cattle on the plain,
 Yet sea-born Venus lov'd the rural swain ;

She

She mourn'd him wounded in the fatal chace,
 Nor dead dismiss'd him from her warm embrace.
 Tho' young Endymion was by Cynthia blest,
 I envy nothing but his lasting rest.
 Iasion slumbering on the Cretan plain
 Ceres once saw, and blest the happy swain }
 With pleasures too divine for ears profane.
 My head grows giddy, love affects me sore;
 Yet you regard not; so I'll sing no more—
 Here will I put a period to my care—
 Adieu, false nymph, adieu, ungrateful fair:
 Stretch'd near the grotto, when I've breath'd my }
 My corse will give the wolves a rich repast, [last,
 As sweet to them, as honey to your taste.

THE

THE HONEY-STEALER;

OR THE SIXTH IDYLLIUM OF THEOCRITUS.

TRANSLATED BY F. F.

AS Cupid, the flyest young wanton alive,
 Of its hoard of sweet honey was robbing a hive,
 The sentinel bee buzz'd with anger and grief,
 And darted his sting in the hand of the thief.
 He sobb'd, blew his fingers, stamp'd hard on the
 ground,
 And leaping in anguish show'd Venus the wound;
 Then began in a sorrowful tone to complain,
 That an insect so little should cause so great pain.
 Venus smiling, her son in such taking to see,
 Said, "Cupid, you put me in mind of a bee;
 "You're just such a busy, diminutive thing,
 "Yet you make woeful wounds with a desperate
 "sting."

A G A I N S T L I F E .

FROM THE GREEK OF POSIDIPPUS.

WHat tranquil road, unvex'd by strife,
 Can mortals chuse thro' human life?
 Attend the courts, attend the bar—
 There discord reigns, and endless jar:
 At home the weary wretches find
 Severe disquietude of mind;
 To till the fields, gives toil and pain;
 Eternal terrors sweep the main:
 If rich, we fear to lose our store,
 Need and distress await the poor:
 Sad cares the bands of hymen give;
 Friendless, forlorn, th' unmarried live:
 Are children born? we anxious groan;
 Childless, our lack of heirs we moan:
 Wild, giddy schemes our youth engage;
 Weakness and wants depress old age.
 Would fate then with my wish comply,
 I'd never live, or quickly die.

F. F.

FOR

F O R L I F E.

FROM THE GREEK OF METRODORUS.

MAnkind may rove, unvex'd by strife,
 Thro' every road of human life.
 Fair wisdom regulates the bar,
 And peace concludes the wordy war :
 At home auspicious mortals find
 Serene tranquillity of mind ;
 All-beauteous nature decks the plain,
 And merchants plough for gold the main :
 Respect arises from our store,
 Security from being poor :
 More joys the bands of hymen-give ;
 Th' unmarried with more freedom live :
 If parents, our blest lot we own ;
 Childless, we have no cause to moan :
 Firm vigour crowns our youthful stage,
 And venerable hairs old-age.
 Since all is good, then who would cry,
 " I'd never live, or quickly die ?"

F. F.

A P A R O D Y

ON THE EPIGRAM OF PODISIPPUS.

BY FRANCIS, LORD VERULAM.

THE world's a bubble, and the life of man
 Less than a span ;
 In his conception wretched, from the womb,
 So to the tomb :
 Curs'd from the cradle, and brought up to years
 With cares and fears :
 Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
 But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet since with sorrow here we live oppress'd,
 What life is best ?
 Courts are but only superficial schools
 To dandle fools ;
 The rural parts are turn'd into a den
 Of savage men ;
 And where's a city from all vice so free,
 But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
 Or pains his head :

Those

Those who live single take it for a curse,
 • Or do things worse.
 Some would have children, those that have them, none,
 Or wish them gone.
 What is it then to have, or have no wife,
 But single thralldom, or a double strife ?

 Our own affections still at home to please
 Is a disease ;
 To cross the sea to any foreign soil,
 Perils and toil ;
 Wars with their noise affright us : when they cease,
 We're worse in peace.
 What then remains, but that we still should cry,
 Not to be born, or being born, to die ?

A PASSAGE FROM PETRONIUS,

TRANSLATED.

Fallen are thy locks! for woeful winter hoar
 Has stolen thy bloom, and beauty is no more!
 Thy temples mourn their shady honours shorn,
 Parch'd like the fallow destitute of corn.
 Fallacious gods! whose blessings thus betray;
 What first ye give us, first ye take away.
 Thou, late exulting in thy golden hair,
 As bright as Phœbus, or as Cynthia fair,
 Now view'st, alas! thy forehead smooth and plain
 As the round fungus, daughter of the rain;
 Smooth as the surface of well-polish'd brass,
 And fly'st with fear each laughter-loving lass:
 Death hastes amain—thy wretched fate deplore—
 Fallen are thy locks, and beauty is no more.

F. F.

ANTI-

ANTIPATER'S GREEK EPIGRAM,

ON THE INVENTION OF WATER-MILLS,
TRANSLATED.

YE female artizans, who grind the corn,
Indulge your slumbers all the live-long morn;
And let the cock, with impotent essay,
Recite his usual prologue to the day;
For Ceres now herself assistance lends,
And to the mills the green-hair'd naiads sends.
See! on the summit buxomly they bound,
And, with their gambols, work the axle round.
True to th' impulsive waters winds the wheel,
While four huge mill-stones crush the mouldering
All-bounteous Ceres, as in * days of yore, [meal.
Your toil remits, yet still affords her store.

C. S.

* Alluding to the golden age, when the earth was supposed to yield corn spontaneously. In this epigram the naiads, or water-nymphs, are beautifully said to be substituted by Ceres in the room of the women, who formerly worked their mills with their hands and feet.

LUCIAN'S GREEK EPIGRAM,

INSCRIBED ON A COLUMN ERECTED IN A PIECE
OF LAND, THAT HAD BEEN OFTEN BOUGHT
AND SOLD; IMITATED.

I Whom thou see'st begirt with towering oaks,
Was once the property of John o' Nokes;
On him prosperity no longer smiles,
And now I feed the flocks of John o' Stiles.
My former master call'd me by his name;
My present owner fondly does the same:
While I, alike unworthy of their cares,
Quick pass to captors, purchasers, or heirs.
Let no one henceforth take me for his own,
For, Fortune! Fortune! I am thine alone.

C. S.

ANACREON,

ANACREON, ODE XXVIII. IMITATED.

Best of painters, show thy art,
 Draw the charmer of my heart ;
 Draw her as she shines away,
 At the rout, or at the play :
 Carefully each mode express,
 Woman's better part is dress.
 Let her cap be mighty small,
 Bigger just than none at all,
 Pretty, like her sense, and little,
 Like her beauty, frail and brittle.
 Be her shining locks confin'd
 In a threefold braid behind ;
 Let an artificial flower
 Set the fissure off before ;
 Here and there weave ribbon pat in,
 Ribbon of the finest sattin.
 Circling round her ivory neck
 Frizzle out the smart Vandyke ;
 Like the ruff that heretofore
 Good queen Bess's maidens wore ;
 Happy maidens, as we read,
 Maids of honour, maids indeed.
 Let her breast look rich and bold
 With a stomacher of gold ;
 Let it keep her bosom warm,
 Amply stretch'd from arm to arm ;

Whimfically travers'd o'er,
 Here a knot, and there a flower,
 Like her little heart that dances,
 Full of maggots, full of fancies.
 Flowing loofely down her back
 Draw with art the graceful sack ;
 Ornament it well with gimping,
 Flounfes, furbeloes, and crimping-
 Let of ruffles many a row
 Guard her elbows, white as fnow ;
 Knots below, and knots above,
 Emblems of the ties of love.
 Let her hoop, extended wide,
 Show what petticoats should hide,
 Garters of the foftest filk,
 Stockings whiter than the milk ;
 Charming part of female drefs,
 Did it show us more or lefs.
 Let a pair of velvet shoes
 Gently prefs her petty-toes,
 Gently prefs, and foftly squeeze,
 Tottering like the fair Chinefe,
 Mounted high, and buckled low,
 Tottering every ftep they go.
 Take thefe hints, and do thy duty,
 Fafhions are the tests of beauty ;
 Features vary and perplex,
 Mode's the woman, and the fex.

ROBIN.

ROBIN. A PASTORAL ELEGY.

BY CAPTAIN JOHN DOBSON.

DOwn by the brook which glides thro' yonder
vale,

His hair all matted, and his cheeks all pale,
Robin, sad swain, by love and sorrow pain'd,
Of flighted vows, and Susan, thus complain'd :
Hear me, ye groves, who saw me blest so late ;
Echo, ye hills, my sad reverse of fate :
Ye winds, that bear my sighs, soft murmurs send ;
Come pay me back, ye streams, the drops I lend.
And you, sweet Susan, source of all my smart,
Bestow some pity on a broken heart.
Happy the times, by painful memory blest,
When you possessing, Robin all possess'd !
Pass'd by your side, each day brought new delight,
And one sweet slumber shorten'd every night.
My play your service, for no toil seem'd hard,
When your kind favour was the hop'd reward.
I rose to milking, tho' 'twas ne'er so cool ;
I call'd the cows up ; I kept off the bull :
Home on my head I bore the pail upright ;
The pail was heavy, but love made it light :
And when you spilt the milk, and 'gan to cry,
I took the blame, and simply said—'twas I.

When

When by the haycock's side you sleeping lay,
 Sent by good angels, there I chanc'd to stray,
 Just as a loathsome adder rear'd his crest,
 To dart his poison in your lilly breast,
 Strait with a stone I crush'd the monster's head ;
 You wak'd, and fainted, tho' you found him dead ;
 Then, from the pond, I water brought a-pace,
 My hat brimful, and dash'd it in your face :
 Still, blue as bilberry, your cold lips did quake,
 Till my warm kisses call'd the cherry back.
 When, looking thro' his worship's garden gate,
 Ripe peaches tempted, and you long'd to eat ;
 Tho' the grim mastiff growl'd, and sternly stalk'd,
 Tho' guns were loaded, and old Madam walk'd ;
 Nor dogs, nor darkness, guns, or ghosts, could fright,
 When Robin ventur'd for his Sue's delight :
 Joyful of midnight quick I post away,
 Leap the high wall, and fearless pluck the prey ;
 Down in your lap a plenteous shower they fall ;
 Glad you receiv'd them, and you eat them all.
 When fair-day came, I donn'd my Sunday suit,
 Brush'd the best pillion clean, and saddled Cutt.
 Then up we got ; you clung about my waist ;
 Pleas'd to be hugg'd, I charg'd you clip me fast :
 And when you loos'd your hold, and backward slipp'd,
 I held your petticoats, and never peep'd.
 The posied garters, and the top-knot fine,
 The golden ginger-bread, and all was mine :

I paid the puppet-show, the cakes, the sack ;
And, fraught with fairings, brought you laughing
back.

Susan but spoke, and each gay flower was there,
To dress her bough-pot, or adorn her hair :
For her the choicest of the woods I cull,
Sloes, hips, and strawberries, her belly full :
My hoard of apples I to her confest ;
My heart was hers, well might she have the rest.
And Susan well approv'd her Robin's care,
Yes, you was pleas'd ; at least you said you were.
In love's soft fire you seem'd like me to burn,
And sooth'd my fondness with a kind return.
At our long table, when we sat to dine,
You stretch'd your knees, and mingled feet with mine ;
With fattest bacon you my trencher plied,
And slic'd my pudding from the plummy side :
And well I wot, when our small-beer was stale,
You stole into the barn, and brought me ale.
But oh, the soldier, blaster of my hopes !
(Curse on pretending kings, and papish popes)
He came from Flanders with the red-coat crew,
To fight with rebels, and he conquer'd you.
His doulas ruffles, and his copper lace,
His brickdust stockings, and his brazen face,
These are the charms for which you flight my youth ;
Charms much too potent for a maiden's truth !

Socra

Soon on the feather'd fool you turn'd your eyes ;
 Eager you listen'd to the braggard's lyes ;
 And, scorning me, your heart to him resign,
 Your faithless heart, by vows and service, mine.
 True, he is gone, by our brave duke's command,
 To humble Britain's foes in foreign land :
 Ah, what is that ? the spoiler bears away
 The only thing for which 'twas worth to stay.
 But sorrow's dry ; — I'll flake it in the brook ;
 O well-a-day ! how frightful pale I look !
 Care's a consumer (so the saying speaks)
 The saying's true, I read it in my cheeks.
 Fie ! I'll be cheerful, 'tis a fancied pain ;
 A flame so constant cannot meet disdain :
 I'll wash my face, and shake off foul despair,
 My love is kind ; alas ! I would she were.
 Well says our parson ; and our parson said,
 " True love and tithes should ever well be paid."
 Susan, from you my heart shall never roam,
 If your's be wandering, quickly call it home.

TO

T O D A P H N E *.

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY WILLIAM DUNCOMBE, ESQUIRE.

SEE! Daphne, see! the sun, with purer light,
 Now gilds the morn, and chaces gloomy night;
 Advancing each return with brighter beams,
 He spreads his glories o'er the fields and streams.
 The snow dissolves before the western gale,
 And vernal flowers adorn the smiling vale.
 To life renew'd the budding trees awake,
 And from the stem the roseate blossoms break;
 The Cyprian queen, o'er every grove and plain,
 O'er beasts and birds resumes her welcome reign;
 The birds are pair'd, and warble thro' the grove,
 And beasts obey the genial call of love.
 Hence first the venerable rite begun,
 For ages past convey'd from fire to son,
 For every swain, on this auspicious day,
 To chuse some maid the coming year to sway;
 To crop the violet, and primrose
 And deck with decent wreaths her tress'd hair.

* Miss M——.

For

For me, content with what wise heaven ordains,
 This chequer'd scene, alternate joys and pains,
 For me, the spring of life shall bloom no more ;
 Nor summer shine, nor autumn swell her store ;
 Winter alone, with cheerless hand, will shed,
 Henceforth, the snow of age around my head.
 But, tho' this clay-built tenement decline,
 Still may th' immortal guest unclouded shine ;
 And, if Euterpe not disdain to smile,
 Your bard from Helicon, with pleasing toil,
 Will, with fresh flowers, unfading garlands twin
 To crown his sweetly-warbling Valentine.

ON THE DEATH OF KING GEORGE II.

AND THE INAUGURATION OF HIS PRESENT
MAJESTY.

BY THOMAS WARTON, M. A. POETRY-PROFESSOR
AT OXFORD.

TO MR. SECRETARY PITT.

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that science sheds on glory's grave!
So pure the vows, which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswic's rising rays!—
O Pitt, if chosen strains have power to steal
Thy watchful breast a-while from Britain's weal;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
May hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans which antient freedom drew,
A-while with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th' assembled Nine,
With skill united, have conspir'd to twine.
Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless offering to the shrine of kings:

Thy tongue, well tutor'd in historic lore,
 Can speak her office, and her use of yore :
 For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
 Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days ;
 Such were the palms, in isles of old renown,
 She cull'd to deck the guiltless monarch's crown ;
 When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
 How scepter'd Hiero stain'd Sicilia's shore,
 Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
 Bright vales where spirits of the brave repos'd :
 Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, she sat,
 The decent hand-maid, not the slave, of state ;
 Pleas'd, in the radiance of the regal name,
 To blend the lustre of her country's fame :
 For, taught like ours, she dar'd, with prudent pride,
 Obedience from dependence to divide :
 Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
 With truth severe she temper'd partial praise ;
 Conscious she kept her native dignity,
 Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.
 And sure if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
 With just regard, to grace heroic reigns,
 Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
 So dear to fame, as George's trophied throne ?
 At whose firm base, thy steadfast soul aspires
 To wake a mighty nation's antient fires :

Aspires

Aspires to baffle faction's specious claim,
 Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
 Once more the main her conquering banners sweep,
 Again her commerce darkens all the deep.
 Thy fix'd resolve renews each fair decree
 That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
 Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
 Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
 Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
 March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
 As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
 Flam'd in the van of many a baron bold.
 Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
 The war of words, the sophistries of state:
 Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
 Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
 For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
 To feel, to think, to speak for public good.
 In vain corruption calls her venal tribes,
 One common cause one common end prescribes:
 Nor fear nor fraud or spares or screens the foe,
 But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.
 O Pitt, while honour points thy liberal plan,
 And o'er the minister exalts the man,
 Isis cogenial greets thy faithful sway,
 Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay;

For science still is justly fond to blend,
 With thine, her practice, principles, and end.
 'Tis not for her, by false connections drawn,
 At splendid slavery's sordid shrine to fawn;
 Each native effort of the feeling breast
 To friends, to foes, in servile fear, suppress:
 'Tis not for her to purchase, or pursue
 The phantom favours of the cringing crew:
 More useful toils her studious hours engage,
 And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
 Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
 With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
 With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
 In elder times, she woo'd munificence
 To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
 And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
 Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand,
 To form, diffuse, and fix her high command;
 From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the prize,
 From kings, like George, benignant, just, and wise.
 Lo, this her genuine lore! — Nor thou refuse
 This humble present of no partial muse
 From that calm bower, which nurs'd thy thoughtful
 In the pure precepts of Athenian truth: [youth
 Where first the form of British liberty
 Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;

That

at form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
 the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw :
 here once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove,
 which every classic grace had learn'd to rove)
 her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
 the blessings of her visionary reign ;
 that reign, which now no more, an empty theme,
 turns philosophy's ideal dream,
 to crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
 full reality this favour'd isle.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR,

MDCCLXIII.

BY W. WHITEHEAD, ESQ. POET LAUREAT.

AT length th' imperious lord of war
 Yields to the fates their ebon car,
 And frowning quits his toil :
 Dash'd from his hand the bleeding spear
 Now deigns a happier form to wear,
 And peaceful turns the foil.
 Th' insatiate furies of his train,
 Revenge, and hate, and fell disdain,
 With heart of steel, and eyes of fire,
 Who stain the sword which honour draws,
 Who sully virtue's sacred cause,
 To Stygian depths retire.
 Unholy shapes, and shadows drear,
 The pallid family of fear,
 And rapine, still by shrieks pursued,
 And meagre famine's squalid brood,
 Close the dire crew. — Ye eternal gates, display
 Your adamant folds, and shut them from the day.

For lo, in yonder pregnant skies,
 On billowy clouds the goddess lies,

Whose

Whose presence breathes delight !
 Whose power th' obsequious seasons own,
 And winter loses half his frown,
 And half her shades the night ;
 Soft-smiling Peace, whom Venus bore,
 When, tutor'd by th' enchanting lore
 Of Maia's blooming son,
 She sooth'd the synod of the gods,
 Drove discord from the blest abodes,
 And Jove resum'd his throne ;
 Th' attendant graces gird her round,
 And sportive Ease, with locks unbound,
 And every muse to leisure born,
 And Plenty with her twisted horn.
 While changeful Commerce spreads her loosen'd sails,
 Blow, as ye list, ye winds, the reign of Peace prevails.

And see, to grace that milder reign,
 Sweet Innocence adorns the train,
 And deigns a human frame to wear,
 In form and features Albion's heir,
 A future George !—Propitious powers,
 Ye delegates of heaven's high king,
 Who guide the years, the days, the hours,
 That float on time's progressive wing,
 Exert your influence, bid us know
 From parent worth what virtues flow !

Be to less happy realms resign'd
 The warrior's unrelenting rage,
 We ask not kings of hero-kind,
 The storms, and earthquakes of their age,
 To us be nobler blessings given :
 O teach us, delegates of heaven,
 What mightier bliss from union springs !
 Future subjects, future kings,
 Shall bless the fair example shown,
 And from our character transcribe their own,
 A people, zealous to obey
 A monarch, whose parental sway
 Despises regal art,
 His shield, the laws which guard the land,
 His sword, each Briton's eager hand,
 His throne, each Briton's heart.

THE MAN OF SORROW.

AH! what avails the lengthening mead,
 By nature's kindest bounty spread
 Along the vale of flowers!
 Ah! what avails the darkening grove,
 Or Philomel's melodious love,
 That glads the midnight hours!

For me (alas!) the god of day
 Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray,
 Nor night her comfort brings.
 I have no pleasure in the rose:
 For me no vernal beauty blows,
 Nor Philomela sings.

See, how the sturdy peasants stride
 Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
 In cheerful ignorance blest!
 Alike to them the rose or thorn,
 Alike arises every morn,
 By gay contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
 Or gives spontaneous, or denies,

Her

Her choice divinely free,
 She visits oft the hamlet-cot,
 When want and sorrow are the lot
 Of avarice and me.

But fee—or is it fancy's dream?
 Methought a bright celestial gleam
 Shot sudden thro' the groves.
 Behold, behold, in loose array,
 Euphrosyne more bright than day,
 More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, oh! welcome, pleasure's queen!
 And fee, along the velvet green,
 The jocund train advance:
 With scatter'd flowers they fill the air,
 The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry heaven,
 When to the feeling wretch is given
 A soul alive to joy!
 Joys fly with every hour away,
 And leave th' unguarded heart a prey
 To cares, that peace destroy.

And fee, with visionary haste,
 (Too soon the gay delusion past)

Re:

Reality remains !
 Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
 And horror drives without controul,
 And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng,
 What beauties, say, ye nymphs, belong
 To the distemper'd soul ?
 I see the lawn of hideous dye,
 The towering elm nods misery,
 With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
 Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
 Ye were for misery made —
 'Twas thus the man of sorrow spoke,
 His wayward step then pensive took
 Along th' unhallow'd shade.

THE

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

YES, to the sages be it told,
 However great, or wise, or old,—
 Fair pleasure's my pursuit ;
 For her I breathe the joyful day,
 For her thro' nature's wilds I stray,
 And cull the flowers and fruit.

Sweep, sweep the lute's enchanting string,
 And all thy sweets lov'd luxury bring !
 " To enjoy is to obey ;"
 The heavenly mandate still prevail,
 And let each unwise wretch bewail
 The dire, neglected day.

Ah ! graceless wretch ! to disobey,
 And devious quit the flowery way,
 And slight the gods decree !
 Still, still, ye gods, the blessings send !
 If e'er my guilty hands offend,
 Indeed my heart is free.

In pleasure's ray see nature shine,
 How dull, alas ! at wisdom's shrine !

“ 'Tis folly to be wise ;”
 Collusive term, poor vain pretence,
 Enjoyment sure is real sense
 In philosophic eyes.

I love the carol of the hound,
 Enraptur'd on the living ground
 In dashing ecstacy ;
 I love the aukward courser's stride,
 The courser that has been well-tried,
 And with him eager fly.

And yes, I love, ye sneering wife ! —
 Fair honour, spurning still at lies,
 As courting liberty ;
 Still hand in hand great nature goes,
 With joys to honour never foes,
 And all those joys are free.

And welcome thrice to British land,
 From Italy's voluptuous strand,
 Ye destin'd men of art ;
 Breathe on the thrilling meaning sound,
 Each grace shall still be faithful found,
 At your admirer's heart.

Avert, ye gods ! that curse of fools,
 The pride of theoretic rules ;

That

That dupery of sense :
 I ne'er refuse the proffer'd joy,
 With every good—that can annoy—
 Most easily dispense.

I catch each rapture as it flies,
 Each happy loss a gain supplies,
 And boon still follows boon :
 The smile of beauty gilds my day,
 Regardless of her frowns I stray ;—
 Thus thro' my hours I run !

But let me not for idle rhyme,
 Neglect, ungrateful, good old time :
 Dear watch ! thou art obey'd—
 'Twas thus the man of pleasure spoke,
 His jovial step then careless took
 To Celia—or her maid.

THE BACCHANALIAN.

YE fordid wretches! chain'd to rules,
 As asses dull, and obstinate as mules;
 Whose minds ne'er knew one liberal thought,
 Back to your sneaking miserable cells!
 Where narrowness of thinking dwells,
 With not one social sense of feeling fraught.

There free from tumult, free from strife,
 In silence doze, nor snuff the wick of life:
 But slowly let it waste away,
 While cunning prudence plauds the saving scheme,
 Nor let its flame so much as seem
 To cast a glimpse of one eccentric ray.

Give me the man of blither soul,
 Whose spirits thro' an ampler channel roll!
 Who, spite of method's drowsy plan,
 Will plunge alert into a sea of joy,
 And float on active fancy's buoy,
 And snatch at fleeting pleasure, whilst he can.

See yonder festive, jocund band!
 A nectar'd goblet gracing every hand:
 Mirth opes the storehouse of the soul,
 And on ill-nature turns her polish'd key;
 Sullen the Demon limps away,
 Nor dares exert the function of controul.

Thither let me bend in haste,
 And embrace the bottle's waist,
 Charms Anacreontic prove,
 Quaffing to the God of love.
 Brighter blushes paint his face,
 And he looks a fresher grace,
 When with Bacchus he reclines,
 Underneath his purple vines.
 How the jolly, hunting song,
 Emblematic, loud, and strong,
 On attention's organ dwells,
 And the force of care dispells,
 'Till the full-voic'd bursting chorus
 Sets the fox and hounds before us.
 Sons of sorrow! quit your beds,
 Seek the path which Bacchus treads :
 Drown your avaricious notions
 In the claret's lively potions :
 Mind not what the miser says ;
 Folly 'tis to earn his praise :
 Or his constitution fails,
 Or his avarice prevails,
 Else he'd laugh, and drink, and be
 Airy, tipsy, gay as we.

W. W.

THE

T H E

ADVENTURER AND THE TREASURE.

A F A B L E.

BY MR. CHARLES DENIS.

A Knight, we read (tho' authors clash)
 Once sallied forth adventures to explore ;
 Not as knight-errants did, in days of yore,
 With one squire only, and no cash !
 Our hero, so my author sings,
 Was taught to lay down this position,
 That men and money were the things,
 On which depends an expedition.
 He therefore took of both, 'tis said,
 And as along he chas'd for prey,
 To succour dames, and giants slay,
 These words upon a rock engrav'd he read :
 " Deep in the earth a treasure lies,
 " Hid from the light of day ;
 " Whoe'er would gain the glorious prize,
 " Thro' me must hew his way."
 Away to work they go
 With pick-axe and with crow :

What will not constancy achieve?
 It softens damsels hearts more hard by far
 Than marble, flint, or diamonds are;
 Tho' 'tis what some folks can't conceive.
 And now the rock is pierc'd quite thro',
 But yet the treasure's not the nearer;
 Knight-errants pay for things much dearer.
 For lo! a precipice appears in view,
 Where 'twas inscrib'd upon a post;
 "The money lies on th' other coast;
 "Which no adventurer can obtain,
 "'Till this gulph's levell'd to a plain."
 After much labour, and much cost,
 The gulph is fill'd, the plain is crost.
 'Twas time the adventures now were ended;
 For all the money was expended:
 But still new obstacles arise;
 A dragon guards the glorious prize,
 Which by the knight must be surmounted
 Before the treasure could be counted.
 I'll try, quoth he, what I can do;
 My purse is empty—that's too true:
 But I have all my courage left;
 Of that no knight can be bereft:
 When honour calls, I am the man:
 He spoke, and on the dragon ran.
 To paint each blow, and streaming gash,
 From nose and mouth the streams that flash,

Demands

Demands the pen that did indite
 The actions of la Mancha's knight :
 We'll say then, after many a slash,
 The dragon lay, as 'twas but meet,
 A breathless carcase at his feet.
 Not that our hero came off clear ;
 The victory cost him very dear :
 And many a wound left many a scar,
 The marks of honour, and th' effects of war.
 At length the treasure's found — they count it o'er ;
 And what d'ye think was in the purse ?
 Penny for penny, less nor more,
 The very sum it had before ;
 And well it was no worse :
 For when contending princes fight,
 For private pique, or public right ;
 Armies are rais'd, the fleets are mann'd —
 They combat both by sea and land.
 When, after many battles past,
 Both tir'd with blows make peace at last.
 What is it, after all, each nation gets ?
 Why — widows, taxes, wooden-legs, and debts.

THE

CONQUEROR AND THE OLD WOMAN.

A FABLE.

BY THE SAME.

A Persian monarch, one of those,
 Whose great ambition knew no bound;
 Some Cyrus, or Darius, we'll suppose,
 In whom no other vice was found,
 If we dare name ambition so,
 For some doubt whether it be vice or no.
 I have not time at present to confute,
 So grant the question rather than dispute.
 'This Sophi far and wide his conquests spread;
 Full thirty crowns, or more,
 Were pil'd on his anointed head;
 And yet with ease the weight he bore;
 For 'twas his great, and chief delight,
 To break the yoke his vanquish'd subjects wore,
 And make their burden light.
 Attentive to the voice of the distress'd,
 Justice and virtue flourish'd in his reign:
 When, from the confines of his vast domain,
 A good old woman, who had been oppress'd,
Came

Came to the footstool of his throne,

To have her grievances redress'd ;

And thus in piteous tragic tone,

His majesty address'd :

“ Encourag'd by your fame, I come from far ;

“ Sir, you're our king by right of war ;

“ By right of subject I for justice sue :

“ I claim it ; and you'll grant it ; 'tis my due.

“ My daughter ravish'd, and my house destroy'd

“ And all by one whom you employ'd

“ To act the king, in place of you.”

“ I doubt not but all this is true,

The conscious prince replied,

“ But so far off, what can I do ?

“ To make my people happy, is my pride ;

“ And yet I cannot every-where reside.

“ The sun, which all the world surrounds,

“ Shines and enlivens but to certain bounds ;

“ The rest are dark and cold.”

“ That's argued ill, if I may be so bold,

Return'd the matron to the sovereign,

“ 'Twas weak to grasp at what you cannot hold,

“ And conquer more than you can govern.”

While o'er the sea of life we take our trip,

Kings are by heaven commission'd to command ;

Captains, not owners of the ship,

'Tis theirs to steer the people safe to land :

And when the bark with prudence they convey,

We row with pleasure, and with pride obey.

P E A C E, A F A B L E.

BY THE SAME.

Amongst the gods a contest rose,
 Which put Olympus in uproar ;
 (Just so it happen'd once before,
 When on the banks where Simois flows,
 As Homer sings in times of yore,
 From words their godships came to blows)
 When Jupiter aloud exclaim'd,
 " Where's Peace ? are ye not all asham'd,
 " Thus to expose yourselves again,
 " And be the laughing-stock of men ?"
 Then sternly look'd the heavens around ;
 But Peace was no-where to be found .
 " Haste, Mercury, thy wings prepare,
 " Fly down to earth, and seek her there."
 The god his father's summons quick obeys,
 Arrives : and first the court surveys.
 " Politeness lives among the great,
 " And Peace, no doubt, has there a seat :
 " Such complaisance smiles in each face,
 " Peace needs must bask in every heart."
 But here the god mistook the case ;
 The mask remov'd, 'twas fraud, 'twas art :

All ready to receive commands,
 Embracing, feigning, squeezing hands;
 As fair, and yet as foul as sin,
 All peace without, all war within.
 He next to Themis' bench his steps inclin'd;
 Not that he thought within the hall,
 Amidst the lawyer's brawl,
 The heaven-born fair to find :
 He turn'd his eyes to that tremendous seat,
 Where justice sits with awful air,
 In stern majestic state :
 But Peace in vain he look'd for there.
 Not even great Hardwick, he whose guardian cares
 Protect the orphan from the harpy's claws,
 Whose heart, as well as hand, the ballance bears,
 Can quell the clamorous jarring of the laws.
 For law, like Janus, has a double face,
 And either shows, according to the case :
 For, as you find it suits you better,
 You take the sense, and leave the letter ;
 Or, vice versa, with as good pretence,
 The letter take, and leave the sense :
 The God was glad to get from hence.
 And to the temples now he goes,
 Where, far from all the busy cares of life,
 The holy priests should taste repose,
 Free from ambition, noise, and strife.

But lo ! instead of harmony divine,
 Beneath religion's sacred veil,
 'Twas interest, guilt, mistaken zeal ;
 All side in parties, and in sects combine,
 Some for their idol, others for their shrine ;
 And curse, and damn, and plunge in brother's blood,
 For what perhaps few understood.
 And now Jove's messenger directs his way
 To those fam'd domes close by where Isis glides,
 Where Alma Mater bears the sway,
 And all the muses sport and play,
 And little do besides :
 Peace might with learning dwell, tho' not with wit ;
 But here again the god was bit.
 Pride, faction, jealousy, and spite,
 Were centred there as in a fort ;
 Not for each other to support,
 But what is strange ! to fight.
 Hence pamphleteers, and daily writers,
 Some bare-fac'd liars, some back-biters,
 And all the mercenary set,
 That write to live on what they get.
 Not that I say there's any shame
 To write for bread, as well as fame :
 But oh ! beware, nor prostitute an art,
 Design'd to mend, and not corrupt the heart.

Now

Now into private life the god descends;
 And first he views the marriage state,
 Alas ! where seldom Peace attends ;
 For two that love there's ~~ten~~ that hate :
 Here husbands nominal, there maiden wives,
 Who sue for a divorce,
 Of course ;
 And some who plague each other all their lives,
 Relations more or less divided,
 According as by interest guided.
 Ungrateful children, parents too severe—
 In short, 'twas discord every-where.
 " I've made, quoth Mercury, a fine look out ;
 " To father Jove what message shall I bring ?"
 So said, he turn'd about,
 And back to heaven prepar'd to wing.
 When, as he cast his eyes around,
 Close by a hermit's cell, he spied
 The beauteous fugitive, with olive crown'd,
 And Contemplation by her side.
 " Oh ! oh ! fair maid, at last you're found : " —
 " Yes, Peace replied, 'tis here I dwell,
 " Within this hermit's tranquil cell."
 For gods, as well as men, must own
 Who'd quiet live, must live alone ;
 Nor happy then, unless he find
 Within himself sweet Peace of mind.

MERCURY

MERCURY AND THE SHADES.

TO MISS M—. BY THE SAME.

CHarming Annetta, but that I'm forbid,
 Fain would I grace these fables with your name;
 But in each praise I sure may echo fame,

And then you're finely hid.

Yet hold : nor let the blushes rise,

Nor anger sparkle in those eyes

Where Love has fixt his throne.

But wherefore do I pardon ask ?

Remember you impos'd the task ;

This fable is your own.

The messenger of Jove, as 'twas his post,

Led to the Stygian coast,

Four shades departed from this life ;

A maiden fair, just going to be married ;

A good man torn from children, and from wife,

A general that ne'er in fight miscarried ;

And, to complete the motly crew,

A poet, who had bid the stage adieu.

Alas ! the virgin shade then cry'd,

Where is, ah where ! my lover now ?

I'm sure with me he would have died,

Had he but known the manner how :

For

For when alive, on love relying,
 He clasp'd me to his tender breast,
 And talk'd of nothing else but dying ;
 Now I am gone, where can he rest ?
 If death flies not to his relief,
 'Tis plain one cannot die of grief.
 And next the married man
 His piteous tale began :

Ah me !

Said he,

What sighs are fetch'd ! what tears are shed !
 Since I am number'd with the dead ;

Oh did they but regret me less !

My loving and beloved wife,

My children dearer far than life,

My only sorrow, I confess,

Is to reflect on their distress.

What signifies your petty private smart ?

Then spoke the hero with a frown ;

The public feels my loss in every heart,

And with their tears write my renown,

Each in the general woe assumes a part ;

Whilst Roubillac employs his art

To raise himself, and to transmit me down.

With weak materials, said the bard,

You build your future fame :

No doubt but bronze is very hard,

And marble much the same.

Yet

Yet marble moulders, brass decays ;
There's nothing but the poet's lays
Can fix the hero's name.

Had Homer never wrote,
Achilles never had been known ;
And as our brother Voltaire says,
Marlbro' will live in Addison,
When Blenheim and the pillar's gone.
I don't presume myself to quote ;
Tho' to be sure most folks must own,
Amongst the best I was of note.

The god could not forbear to smile,
To hear their conscious prate,
And so indulg'd them for a while,
Each in his fond conceit.

But being near th' infernal gate,
He wav'd his wand aloft in air,
And first bespoke the maiden fair.
For you, sweet shade, that think your lover dying,
Already in his arms another is complying.
And thou, poor soul, uxorious ghost,
What hast thou to regret or boast ?
Thy wife and heirs are gone to law,
For in thy will was found a flaw ;
Intent on nothing but thy store,
They count, recount it o'er and o'er,
And curse thee for not leaving more.

And

And you, my noble man of might,
 So fam'd for spoils, so great in fight,
 Once gone, you are of no import ;
 Another has your place at court,
 Much greater far than all that went before.
 You was, as one may say,
 Like him the hero of a day,
 Like you when snatch'd away,
 His feats and name will be no more.
 You, master poet, thank the doctor's pill,
 That sav'd you from the public scoff :
 You was a going fast down hill ;
 'Twas high time to leave off.
 All think themselves of more importance far,
 Than really what they are.
 We every day experience what we dread ;
 Forgot when absent, as forgot when dead.
 None thought of us before that we had breath,
 And few will be remember'd after death ;
 Except those few who live to fame,
 Death and oblivion are the same.

THE CONNOISSEURS. A FABLE.

BY THE SAME.

TO MR. HAYMAN.

POets and painters flock together,
 In fancy's flight, birds of a feather.
 Then tell me, Hayman, brother in Apollo,
 That god of whim, whom you and I both follow;
 Is not our case, who paint or write,
 In all respects the same?
 Arraign'd by ignorance, and judg'd by spite,
 Dubious of praise, but sure of blame.
 In every other science, great or small,
 A jury's call'd of the same art and knowledge;
 The surgeon is examin'd at the hall,
 The doctor at the college;
 But those who use the pencil, and the pen,
 Submit their works to all degrees of men.
 The scrivener's clerk, the boy who sweeps the shop,
 The squeamish beau, the mawkish fop,
 And thousands more beside,
 Of equal judgment, sense, and spirit,
 Condemn, approve, decide,
 And fix the standard of our merit.
 But if my friend will listen to the tale,
He'll find their sentence not without appeal.

A famous painter, one of those,
 Whose pencil was to nature true,
 A Hogarth you'll suppose,
 But I suppose 'tis you ;
 No matter which—one of the two
 A portrait undertook to draw :
 Three sittings o'er,
 Perhaps some more ;
 'Genius as yet is not confin'd by law.
 'Tis done ; the picture is expos'd to view.
 Friends come to judge, as usual, in such case :
 What ! don't you know the face ?
 Not I indeed ; do you ?
 'Tis mine, replied the man who sat :
 Impossible ! here's neither grace nor air,
 Why this is brown, and you are fair ;
 I never saw a piece so flat.
 Besides the mouth is all askew :
 And then such shades ! and then such light !
 Pray wipe it out, begin a-new ;
 For as it stands 'tis quite a fright.
 Our artist pleads his cause in vain—
 He needs must paint it o'er again.
 And now they cry out ten times more,
 Why this is worse than that before :
 If you would have your portraits take,
 Give us resemblances that strike ;
 That seem to think, and want to speak :

A Rubens, Titian, or Vandyke ;
 But as for this, there's not one feature like.
 The Virtuosi gone, the painter said,
 I have a thought, that's just come in my head,
 T' expose these learned friends of yours ;
 Who, under name of connoisseurs,
 Of strokes and touches, stile and manner, chatter :
 But be so kind to join with me,
 And you to-morrow morn shall see,
 How much they know about the matter.
 Next-day the picture was set forth to fight,
 At proper distance, and in proper light ;
 Just as between them 'twas agreed.
 And now the learned meet to speak their mind ;
 But still, they can't the least resemblance find ;
 'Twas not their friend—not him indeed—
 “ That's very strange, the portrait made reply,
 “ Why, gentlemen ! 'tis I myself, 'tis I.”
 For in the cloth a hole was cut,
 Thro' which our man his real face had put,
 To give these connoisseurs the lie.
 Then are there none, whose judgment fix the test ?
 With taste and true discernment blest,
 Whose very praise rewards the artist's toil ?
 O yes, no doubt there are :
 Sometimes, tho' very rare,
 You'll find a Chesterfield, or meet a Boyle.

TRUTH

L O V E E L E G Y.

Nec lacrymis crudelis amor, nec gramina rivis,
Nec cytharo saturantur apes, nec fronde capellæ. VIRG.

THE dewy morn her saffron mantle spreads
High o'er the brow of yonder eastern hill;
Each blooming shrub a roseate fragrance sheds,
While the brisk sky-lark sings his carol shrill.

Now, where the willows to the rivulet bend,
That winds its channel thro' the verdant mead,
I'll o'er the turf my waining form extend,
And rest on sedges dank my anxious head.

Not all the sweets that scent the morning air,
Not all the flowers that paint the vernal year,
Can ease my bosom of its weighty care,
Or teach my eyes to stop the falling tear.

In vain the stream o'er pebbles glides along,
And murmurs, sweetly-hulling, as it flows;
In vain the stock-dove chants the gurgling song,
Inviting slumbers soft, and kind repose.

The cruel pangs of fierce desire I prove,
 And think with transport on my absent fair;
 Ah! mournful state, to scorch in flames of love,
 Amidst the chilling frosts of sad despair.

'Tis not my Delia's scorn, my Delia's pride,
 That sinks my hopes in everlasting night;
 No charms to her the lavish gods denied,
 Who form'd her perfect, as they form'd her bright.

But, ah! the influence of some baneful star,
 Which frown'd malignant on my hapless birth,
 Has to my wishes plac'd an envious bar,
 Superior to the strongest power on earth.

If crouding myriads, arm'd for deadly war,
 Held from my longing eyes my bosom's queen;
 And kept her deep in gloomy caves afar,
 While mountains rose, and oceans flow'd between;

I might not force thro' spears and swords my way,
 I might not reach secure the distant shore;
 Yet, urg'd by Venus, I'd provoke the fray,
 Or perish bravely in the tumult's roar.

When fell ambition drives us to the plain,
 Dismay'd by fear the doubting squadrons move;
 But I alike should certain pleasure gain,
 To fall, or conquer for the maid I love.

Curs'd be the wretch, who first, with impious hand,
 Taught servile error o'er the world to roll ;
 This chafes freedom from each groaning land,
 This warps (ah, sad effect !) my Delia's soul.

But say, shall love, which, boundless as the wind,
 On youthful pinions every region tries,
 And mocks even virtue's dictates, be confin'd
 By superstition's ever-galling ties ?

Ye fairy forms of gay delusion, hence !
 Your flattering visions but increase my smart ;
 I'll hear the sacred voice of manly sense,
 And quell my passion, tho' I break my heart.

How frail my vows ! my fix'd resolves how vain !
 No daring arm the power of love can brave,
 One thought of Delia wounds my peace again,
 Renews my woes, and binds me more her slave.

V E R S E S,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF MRS. OLDFIELD.

WHen greatness claims, or merit gives
 A more distinguish'd tomb,
 St. Peter's shrine the corse receives
 Beneath its awful dome.

There kings in stately marble sleep,
 And into dust return,
 While emblematic virtues weep
 Around the lofty urn.

Profusive of expence and art,
 Their labour might be sav'd :
 Useful for them, if on their heart
 These virtues were engrav'd.

Lo ! there inscrib'd the warrior's praise,
 The life and laurel-wreath !
 While Death, more justly crown'd with bays,
 Grins horribly beneath.

There statesmen lie, emblazon'd forth
 With virtues, not their own ;
 And, Walpole, there perhaps thy worth
 May posthumous be known.

In vain, secure of deathless praise,
 There poets ashes come,
 Since obsolete grows Chaucer's phrase,
 And moulders with his tomb.

Left too in death thy pleasant vein,
 And humour should be lost,
 O Rare Ben Johnson, there is seen
 Thy tragi-comic bust.

Let Dryden's statue, there enshrin'd,
 Of purest marble stand ;
 Whose wit, to virtue if confin'd,
 Might one of gold demand :

There Congreve too, consign'd to fame,
 With envied lustre shine ;
 Yet who the Fair's respect can blame
 To muse as chaste as thine ?

In vain the monuments we raise
 To future ages live,
 Nor fond respect, nor venal praise,
 Can conscious virtue give.

When God our scatter'd dust shall call,
 And rescue us from death,
 Will virtue then or stand or fall,
 On fame, or vulgar breath ?

Tho', Oldfield, even in death thy fate
Continue still the scene,
Left thou shouldst seem to mimic death,
And act, not be a queen,

Pageants, and borrow'd pomp, display
(Where Albion's monarchs lie)
Thy fancied worth ; till the last day
Thy real merit try.

For acting of another's part
Thy praise may now be known ;
But then more comfort 'twill impart
T' have acted well thy own.

ON

ON THE OLD BUST,

WITH A SOUR AIR, ON MR. DRYDEN'S MONUMENT, IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

AT Dryden's tomb, inscrib'd with Sh—d's name,
 That mite, flow offer'd to establish'd fame!
 Fill'd with raw wonder, Tyro stopt to gaze;
 And blest'd his bounteous Grace, in kind amaze;
 The guardian genius, from the sacred dust,
 Re-kindling upwards, wak'd the quickening bust,
 Glowing from every awful feature—broke
 Disdainful life—and thus the marble spoke:
 "Teach thy blind love of honesty to see,—
 "'Tis not my monument,—tho' built on me.
 "Great peers, 'tis known, can in oblivion lie;
 "But no great poet has the power to die.
 "At cheap expence, behold engrafted fame!
 "The tack'd associate of a buoyant name.
 "The pompous craft one lucky lord shall save;
 "And Sh—d borrow life from Dryden's grave."
 'Twas said—and, ere the short sensation died,
 The stiffening marble writh'd its form aside:
 Back from the titled waste of mouldering state
 He turn'd—neglectful of the court, too late!
 And, sadly conscious of mispointed praise,
 Frowns thro' the stone, and shrinks beneath his bays.

ON

ON THE BIRTH-DAY

OF THE

LATE STEPHEN POYNTZ, ESQ.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, WHEN
AT SCHOOL.

Friend to my life, and parent of my youth,
Accept with kindness, what I give with truth,
Accept! and know it undisguis'd by art,
Th' o'erflowing fullness of a grateful heart.

While joy returns with this returning morn,
And thousands bless the day that Poyntz was born,
Shall I alone no pious wishes send,
Forget the patron, and neglect the friend?
No;—tho' my mind no costly present prove,
Exalt my joy, and dignify my love,
Yet cheerful truth shall aid the muse to pay
The silent tribute of an humble lay;
Yet gratitude, that heaven-directed fire,
That muse shall raise, that humble lay inspire,
Glow in each thought, inspire every line,
And, while it warms my breast, enliven thine.

Say, Poyntz, when, smiling on thy natal hour,
Friend, neighbour, child, their various blessings pour;
When

When love, unvex'd by troubles, or by cares,
 Hails thy fair series of revolving years,
 Does not more real bliss thy thoughts employ ?
 Does not thy swelling heart dilate with joy ?
 Superior joy, to know those years were spent
 With ease and virtue, affluence and content ?
 Yes, conscious honour, with true greatness join'd,
 Smiles in thy face, and glows within thy mind :
 In vain, unmov'd by false deluding pride,
 The modest breast would its own merits hide ;
 Still, gloriously conceal'd, true worth we see
 Take double lustre from obscurity.

O ! could I live like thee, with equal fate,
 Politely good, and innocently great.
 Each noble act, each generous thought, is thine ;
 Those acts, those thoughts, to imitate be mine.
 Come thou, my guide, philosopher, and friend,
 Conduct, improve, protect me, and defend ;
 Teach me, like thee, low fortune to despise,
 Like thee, by virtue dignified, to rise ;
 Thro' life's calm voyage happily to steer,
 Gay, not presuming, grave, yet not severe.
 Together let us view the classic page,
 The sophist's moral, and the poet's rage,
 Pursue the calm advice, th' inspiring flame,
 Compare, and know their generous end the same.

O ! did my humble artless breast but know
 The piercing judgment, or the active flow ;

K

Sublime

Sublime the muse should mount with stronger wing,
Thy peaceful worth, thy glorious toils to sing :
To thee, in loftier strains, the song should raise,
And with the friend's unite the patriot's praise.
Even now, whilst grateful truths my breast inflame,
I dare to celebrate the glorious theme,
And bold, the wilds of poetry explore
Thro' devious tracts, and paths unknown before.

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